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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Scottish Church, Rotterdam; to which are subjoined Notices of the other British Churches in the Netherlands; and a brief View of the Dutch Ecclesiastical Establishment. By the Rev. William Steven, M.A., Junior Minister of the Scottish Church, Rotterdam. 8vo. pp. 416. Edinburgh, 1833. Waugh and Innes.

GOOD sense and patient industry generally characterise the inhabitants of North Britain. By carefully availing themselves of every favourable occurrence, you see them, in every clime, rising in wealth and influence. From their enterprising spirit, we are not astonished to find them amongst the first foreigners who settled in the Netherlands. Many Scotsmen resorted to Bruges, where extensive privileges had been conferred upon them by John Duke of Burgundy, even prior to 1407. The extensive and opulent company of merchants, denominated Adventurers, had a powerful effect in bringing many North Britons to the continent. This respectable Society, composed of Scottish, English, and Irish families, was always accompanied by a chaplain. At the expiration of the company's agreement with any town, some of their members remained to follow their individual pursuits. Joined by others, who had seceded from the society, or quitted its services, they petitioned and obtained from the Dutch government every assistance to secure for themselves the advantages of a stated ministry. "Hence," Mr. Steven observes, "the origin of some of our churches in the Netherlands. In the Isle of Walcheren alone, three British congregations flourished till the close of last century, when Campvere, an ancient staple port for the kingdom of Scotland, was broken up, by order of the Batavian republic, and deprived of all its valuable privileges. Not only in Zealand, but also in other parts of the United Provinces, particularly at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Dordrecht, and Delft, the British had already established themselves in considerable numbers. To induce these and others to settle in the provinces, and traffic with them, the states-general and the magistrates of the towns spontaneously and generously resolved to institute, and suitably to support, English and Scottish Presbyterian churches. Besides the great influence which commerce has exerted in peopling Holland with British families, another cause, arising out of the tyranny of Philip the Second, must now be adverted to. Application being made to Queen Elizabeth, she promptly sent out a body of six thousand troops, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, to the aid of the United Provinces against the cruel oppression of the Spanish despot. She also advanced considerable sums of money; and, as a security for the payment of her loan, the towns of Flushing and the Brielle, with the fortress of Rammekens, were given to her. These places were held in pledge from 1585 to 1616. Three regiments, well known on the continent, under

the name of the Scottish brigade, and which had been raised in 1572, valiantly served in many campaigns under the princes of the house of Orange. They were among the oldest regular troops in Europe. In 1578 they sustained the brunt of the action against the Spaniards, at the battle of Reminaut, near Malines, where they fought without armour, and in their shirts. Belonging to this vast assemblage of Scottish and English soldiers, stationed in different parts of the Netherlands, was the full complement of chaplains. In course of time, these clergymen, with the others settled in the country, formed themselves into a body ecclesiastic, had frequent meetings, and are spoken of in some of our consistorial registers, as well as by Dutch authors, as the synod of the British clergy in the United Provinces.

"Although the English army was withdrawn, (continues the author in his account of these interesting colonists) the Scottish brigade continued in the pay of Holland; and, after a service of more than two hundred years, it became nationalised during the American war. The most important of its records were then deposited in the consistory chamber of the Scottish church at Rotterdam. Many of the Scots officers formed alliances with the first families in Holland; and several of their descendants continue to hold important places of trust in the kingdom of the Netherlands. Anxious to preserve any memorials of our countrymen who, in olden times, signalled themselves in the Provinces by their piety or professional talents, we have given several monumental inscriptions which occur in the different churches; and we have also added some of a more modern date. Holland has long been eminently distinguished among the nations of Europe as the favoured seat of civil and religious liberty. Rightly appreciating such distinguished privileges, the Dutch have uniformly received with open arms, and afforded most seasonable protection to those of other countries, who were persecuted for conscience sake. The present volume affords many gratifying proofs of the benefit which our pious forefathers obtained from the states. The celebrity of the Universities of Holland drew students from almost every corner of the globe. At Leyden alone, a seminary which may be well termed European, nearly 2000 British were, during the eighteenth century, enrolled as students. Such an influx of our countrymen occasioned the erection of the churches at the seat of the colleges; and those churches have been suppressed only because so very few English have, of late years, availed themselves of the prelections of the learned men who now occupy the different chairs in the Dutch Universities."

In the work before us, there is a regular and well-arranged history of the Scottish church, from the year 1662 to the present time. It contains a minute biographical account of those eminent men who, in days of persecution, fled from their own country for protection in the liberal states of Holland. While giving a his-

tory of the Scottish church, notices of the other British churches in the Netherlands, and a brief view of the Dutch Ecclesiastical establishment, much light is thrown on general history. We are glad to bear our testimony to the talent and laborious industry which are manifested in collecting so great a mass of information; and truly believe that there is far more original matter in this neat octavo volume than in any work of the same size that has recently appeared. We have only room for a short description of the Dutch clergy, remarking that this is the only publication in which a regular account of the Dutch church is to be found:—

"In Holland, clergymen are familiarly, but as a term of respect, called *Domini*. They are easily recognised by their court-looking dress, and cocked hat. In the pulpit, instead of a gown they use a long *mantel*, which consists of black cloth, only six inches broad, edged with silk, and fastened with a hook to the collar of the coat. Originally this mantle, from the numerous plaits of which it is composed, must have been sufficient to envelope the person, but probably has gradually been reduced to give more liberty to the speaker. Few of the clergy preach from memory. They generally read their discourses; and sometimes, though rarely, their prayers. They are held in the greatest respect by the Dutch. In general, they are certainly exemplary and zealous in the discharge of their sacred functions. And, like the people at large, are distinguished for loyalty and strong attachment to their fatherland."

The work is altogether a valuable portion of history, and comes home in an especial degree to the national feelings of Britons.

Love and Pride. By the Author of "Sayings and Doings," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Whittaker, and Co.

THESE are two stories ("the Widow" and "Snowdon") in Mr. Hook's best style—very lively, and much that is shrewd and profound mixed up with laughable caricature and pleasant extravagances. Love and Pride, those two great principles in our nature, furnish the staple of fiction, whose great merit is, that if not the exact truth, it is exceedingly like it. We think the last tale, "Snowdon," the best; the character of the magnificent Marquess is excellently well sustained throughout, so is that "thing of silk," the gentle Earl, whom he is fashioning into a son-in-law. We may safely quote at hazard; we can hardly miss an amusing scene, though we shall commence with an observation whose truth is very true indeed.

"It is strange, and every hour we live the feeling grows, upon reflection, stronger still, that the great and certain change which time inevitably works on the human mind and constitution is, from its gradual and gentle course, imperceptible to the individual 'worked upon,' unless some great and sudden accession of disease falls upon him: the comparison between what he was at twenty-four and fifty-five, is

never made by the subject himself; the only comparison *he* makes, is between Monday last, and Tuesday last, in which brief space no difference arises; and thus it is, that if blest with health—and if with health the animal spirits continue—a man from constant habitude, feeling no change in himself from day to day, goes on believing that others see no change in him; and it is rather to this natural imperceptibility of physical alteration, than to senile childishness, or matured vanity, that we find men advanced in life like our present friend Smith, presenting themselves to the favour of blooming girls, who were unborn at the period from which these respectable lovers date their perfection, and at which they set up their standard, and who, seeing nothing but what is placed before them, cannot comprehend how the corpulent Mr. Fussocks, or the lanky Mr. Latham can have the impertinence or temerity to enter the lists of love or flirtation at his time of life."

We will next quote a scene in a stage-coach, also a favourite bit, to pare off, by way of example, from the narration.

"In the coach with Saville were three other passengers—the full allowance: two were friends; the third, like Saville himself, was an independent, isolated traveller. What he was, or what the object of his journey, of course remained within his own bosom. Of the other two, one was a partner in a mercantile house at the Cape of Good Hope, where he never had been, and the other, one who had recently arrived from that fine colony, and had succeeded in persuading his companion to go out, as Southey says the Devil did, when he visited his 'snug little farm, the earth,' in order—

— to see how his stock went on."

The experienced voyager, the active speculator, was all alive and in excellent spirits,—full of jest, and glee, and gaiety; to him the trees looked green and the sun shone bright, and not a word could be spoken, nor an incident occur that he did not turn to jest and merriment. Not so his companion: he was grave and pale, and July as it was, wore tight blue worsted pantaloons and Hessian boots. He spoke little, but sighed much, complained of the heat in murmured accents, and, for want of other conversation, augured rain and thunder;—he dozed a little, and then needlessly apologised to his companions for what he thought unseemly conduct, by telling them that he had been married eleven years; that he had never been apart from his wife and children one whole day since his marriage; and that he had, at the persuasion of his excellent friend, resolved to undertake a voyage to Africa, upon business, although he had never before been at sea, or even beheld it, except from the Steyne at Brighton, or the Pier at Margate. 'I slept little last night,' said he, 'I am not used to partings, and it has been a sad morning for me, gentlemen.' The appeal was uncalled for; but having been made, it was received by the stranger travellers with courtesy and sympathy; it was met with a horse laugh by his friend, who, being a bachelor, on his return to what he had established as his home in Cape Town, wondered how any man could be so silly as to waste a thought or a sigh upon an affectionate spouse and seven children, and a country like England, when he was travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour towards Africa, and the detection of a pilfering partner. * * *

"After a transient refreshment the party seemed more familiarised to each other, and even Saville himself condescended from his stults, and joined in the conversation; the me-

lancholy man in the left-hand corner unbent his brow, and added his mite to the verbal contribution of his companions, till at length the subject of lotteries was started by the winkle-keeper, who declared an opinion that nobody ever got a prize. This statement was stoutly contradicted by the melancholy man, who seemed to derive a vast reinforcement of animation from the subject. He enumerated dukes, members of parliament, Hampshire squires, Bloomsbury attorneys, and Pall Mall pastry-cooks, who had, all to his own knowledge, been splendidly and suddenly enriched by the acquisition of large sums. 'Indeed, sir,' added he, 'even I myself might have been worth thirty thousand pounds more than I am at this moment, by the same means, if it had not been for an accidental circumstance, over which I had no control.' 'What might that have been?' said the winkleman: 'choosing the wrong number, perhaps?' 'Not so, sir,' said the melancholy gentleman, his countenance at the same moment assuming an expression rather of 'anger than of sorrow.' 'I did choose the right number; bought it—brought it home—and had it in my library table drawer, but—' 'It was stolen, perhaps, sir?' said the winkleman's friend, in a piteous tone. 'No, sir, not that. I had it—it was mine; it was in the days when lotteries lasted a month, and tickets rose in value as they continued undrawn. I went into the city on business; a friend, who knew of my ticket, called in my absence—offered my wife a hundred and twenty guineas for it; she knew that it had cost me but five-and-twenty—sold it him—all for my good, poor soul—she's in heaven now, sir—it's no use scolding about it—it won't bring it back; and the very same afternoon—d—n me! I'm sure you'll excuse my swearing at the recollection—it came up a thirty thousand pound prize!' A general exclamation of horror followed the announcement. 'And now, sir,' continued the gentleman, 'as I walk along the streets in wet weather, because I cannot afford a hackney-coach, my friend Dodman, the lucky purchaser, dashes by in his carriage, and splashes me with mud. He lives in the house which I had all my life an anxiety to possess; and has refused his consent to his son's marrying my daughter, on the plea of her poverty.' It was evident that the melancholy gentleman felt the circumstances keenly. 'Well,' said Saville, 'I don't think I could have survived such a thing.' 'Only conceive, sir,' said the gentleman, seeming to delight in aggravating all the miseries of his loss, 'only conceive my coming home out of the city—having seen my number placarded at Cornhill as the prize—having compared it with the memorandum in my pocket-book—having bought a necklace and a pair of ear-rings for my wife upon the strength of it—and finding, upon my arrival, that she had sold my thirty thousand pounds, which I was sure was in my pocket, to a man I hated, for one hundred and twenty guineas, which she exultingly exhibited; and which, with thirty-five more, went to pay for the baubles I had brought her home.' 'I could not have stood that,' said the winkleman. 'Nor I,' said the weeping husband. 'I,' said Saville, 'should have cut my throat.' 'So I did, sir!' said the melancholy gentleman, 'and here are the marks where it was sewn up!' exhibiting, at the same moment, a huge scar right across his windpipe."

Among the most distinguished incidents in the career of that distinguished individual, the Marquess of Snowdon, is a visit from his majesty; when the following little incident varies

the monotony of the addresses usually presented by loyal corporations on such occasions:

"The ceremonial of presenting the address began. The mayor delivered it to his lordship, who, positively refusing the aid of glasses, (although perfectly conscious of the difficulty of seeing without them,) commenced reading the dutiful and affectionate testimonial, standing at the right hand of the king, the mayor and corporation being in front, and the apartment filled with all the company forming the invited party, and by a great number of the most respectable inhabitants of Shuttework, who, wet as they were, had been permitted to witness the interesting and magnificent ceremony. The moment the fine sonorous voice of the noble marquess was heard, the silence the most profound reigned amongst the assembled throng. His lordship read as follows:—'May it please your majesty, we, the mayor, burgesses, and aldermen of the ancient and loyal town of Shuttework, beg to be permitted to approach your royal presence, in order to offer our dutiful congratulations upon your majesty's arrival in our neighbourhood. Accustomed as we are to hear your majesty's praise on all hands and from all quarters, it cannot but afford us the highest gratification to be permitted thus personally to express our affectionate regard for your majesty's person, and our unbounded admiration of your majesty's character and qualities. In venturing thus to address your majesty, we have to request that your majesty will be graciously pleased to accept at our hands, as a testimonial of our sentiments, and as a proof of our anxiety to merit that patronage which your majesty is known so generously to afford to the artisans of the United Kingdom, two specimens of the manufacture of our native town, consisting of a blue silk pelisse and a white lace veil; and to entreat that your majesty will be pleased to appear in them in public upon the first fitting occasion.' At the conclusion of this paragraph, a shout of laughter rent the splendid saloon; the king himself first stared with astonishment, and then burst into an immoderate fit of mirth; upon which the mayor and the corporate body, released from the apprehension of committing a solecism by indulging in their merriment, re-echoed the peal, leaving the marquess in a state of perfect stupefaction, unconscious, in his anxiety to puzzle out the writing, what were the words he had uttered, and completely unaware that, in the hurry and bustle of the moment, and the crowd, his unfortunate, but well-meaning friend Mr. Wiseman, had handed his lordship the address which had been intended for *her* majesty, instead of that which was to be read to the king!"

The scene where the mamma expects a proposal for herself, which she finally accepts for her daughter, is very amusing; and the dinner given by the marquess to the mayor is so good, that we must quote a portion:—

"'Is my gig come?' said the mayor, turning round to the servant with a conciliatory smile. 'Yes, sir,' said the man, 'it has been here some time.' 'Dear me!' said the mayor; 'is it a fine night?' 'I don't know, sir,' said the man; 'I will inquire.' 'My poor old mare, my lord, has got a bit of a cold upon her,' said the right worshipful, 'and I should not like her to get wet. She has been a good un in her time, my lord; but as I was saying t'other day to Mrs. W., we none of us get better as we get older—he, he!—I daresay you feel that, my lord?' 'It rains very hard, sir,' said the servant, returning. The mayor within doors, now

fully expected that his lordship would have made an offer to protect the mare without, from the inclemency of the weather, by desiring that she might be sent to the stables; but, no—she might have melted, thawed, and resolved herself into a dew, for all his lordship cared; indeed, except as tending to interrupt and mar the preparations for the *fête champêtre*, the state of the weather was highly consolatory to him, as being likely to act upon the humane feelings of the right worshipful chandler, and so induce him to beat a retreat—a consummation which the marquess most devoutly wished. His lordship was not wrong in his expectations: the mayor moved, and the marquess breathed again; but judge his lordship's horror and amazement, when Sir Harry, who, in the plenitude of his indignation at the treatment which he had met with, had hitherto remained either perfectly silent or merely assenting with a nod to any general proposition, said,—“Mr. Mayor, as the night is so bad, send away your open carriage, and I will set you down. You know I must go through Shuttlework in my way home; I shall be most happy—” “Sir, you are very good,” said Mr. Wiseman; “I shall be very, very much obliged to you. I’ll send away my poor old Jenny; and I am sure, if she could speak, she would thank you too, Sir Harry.” Saying which, the right worshipful Mr. Wiseman, without any further ceremony, laid violent hands on the cord which led to the marquess’s chair, and pulling it *con amore*, rang the bell with a strength and violence fully proportioned to his gratitude and delight. “What may your commands be with the servant, Mr. Mayor?” said the marquess, as Hall entered the room. “Oh!” said his worship, “Mr. Hall, have the goodness to tell them to send away my buggy; and tell the boy to tell his missus, as she need not sit up for me. And, Mr. Hall, sir, will you be kind enough, sir, to put my bundle—them things in the silk pocket-handkerchief—just in, under the seat. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, but—” Hall, who glanced his eye toward his lord, thought it best for all their sakes to cut these directions as short as possible, and retreated to execute the mandate of the mayor, followed up to the door of the room by that right worshipful personage, who seemed fearful that if he once lost sight of Mr. Hall, his bundle would be lost to all eternity. “A very civil man Mr. Hall, my lord,” said the mayor. “Do you take any more coffee, Sir Harry?” said the marquess. “No more, I thank you,” said the baronet. “Don’t you think, my lord, we had better go to the young ladies?” said Wiseman; “won’t they think us long? I hope I sha’n’t get blamed. Mrs. W. often says to me, that I must be very agreeable when the females are gone; for that she never can get me or my friends up to tea whenever I have a spread, or we go any where to dine out.” Of all the offences which plain simple man could commit against the marquess, the most heinous and the least pardonable was that of instituting a comparison between his lordship and any thing that was his, and any other person or any thing that belonged to him. The idea of putting his parties, and his ladies, and his house, in competition with the saturnalia of the mayor, or the tea-parties of his ‘females,’ as he called them, was absolute torture. “I daresay,” said the marquess, “Lady Hester has retired long before this: it is near twelve o’clock.” “Mercy on us!” said Mr. Wiseman. “I had not the slightest idea of that. Time flies in pleasant company, my lord. This is uncommon good, my lord,” continued his worship, smacking his lips as he imbibed some

remarkably fine curaçoa; ‘uncommon good, indeed—something with orange-peel in it. I don’t know, my lord, if you drink much rumshrub—it’s something like that; only this, being Frenchified in its name, is of course much better. Mrs. W. makes excellent shrub, my lord: if you will allow me to send up a bottle or two, I shall be very glad.’ Lord Snowdon bowed. ‘I can send it up,’ said Wiseman, ‘when I send back the clothes I borrowed. They shall come up on Wednesday, my lord; Mrs. W. will get them washed and ironed and all by that time.’”

We now leave “Love and Pride,” believing that it will find as much favour with our readers as they usually do—and they are both feelings which can boast a pretty extensive popularity.

The Keepsake. Edited by F. Mansel Reynolds. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

MR. REYNOLDS has been very fortunate in his contributions this year; as far as the prose, *i. e.* the principal department, is concerned. There are some singularly brilliant and original stories. The first, “the Sandman,” is a wild and impressive phantasm from Hoffmann, translated with much spirit by Lord Albert Coninghame. “The Widowed Bride” is worthy of Mr. Sheridan Knowles—dramatic in its incidents, and full of the poetry of impassioned feeling. “The Head” is, without a single exception, the best story we ever saw of Miss Landon’s writing: it is founded on an event of actual occurrence in the French Revolution. Mrs. Shelley has one of those supernatural legends in which her fancy is so rich; and we only regret that we cannot give Mrs. Norton’s beautiful story of Lawrence Bayley’s temptation entire; but we can at least detach a portion.

“There is a little withered old maid residing at the village of Aldbury, with cold, unwinning manners, and grey, dark eyes, in which sadness and suspicion seem ever striving for mastery. No one ever succeeded in convincing her of the innocence of an accused individual, yet the severity of her opinions does not prevent such acts of kindness as her means will permit; no ill-natured report was ever traced to her, yet the village gossips always ascribe their stories to her authority. She never caresses children, and has a large grey cat constantly with her, besides an old setter-spaniel, (blind of one eye,) who engrosses more of her attention than most other objects. On the mantel-piece of her formal little sitting-room are several cups and saucers of old china, and above them hang two small miniatures, in black polished frames. One of these represents a grave-looking young man in the dress of a clergyman, and is as ill-painted as it is possible to conceive; the other is an exquisitely-finished portrait of a beautiful girl, whose face is shaded by a profusion of what poets call ‘sunny hair,’ and the richness of whose dress betokens a far higher rank than that of the inmate of the cottage. It is reported (I know not with what accuracy) that the village postman having occasion to deliver a letter at the cottage, and finding the servant-maid somewhat tardy in answering his summons, looked in at the parlour window to discover if any one were at home, and that he there saw the old maid, with the first of these miniatures in her little withered hand; that she looked at it—wiped away the dust from its frame, and shewed it to the dog, who whined piteously, as if partaking her feelings; and that, finally, she dropped on her knees by the sofa, and hiding her face with one

hand, while the other rested on the spaniel’s neck, she appeared to be convulsively sobbing. The story was heard in the village with little interest (for who ever interested themselves in the sorrows of an old maid?) but to me it brought bitterness, and mournful thoughts, and yearning for other days; for the spinster’s name is Miss Mary Esdale, and I remember Mary Esdale the sweetest—the loveliest—the most loveable of human creatures. Yes! hers was the power to charm (at least so it seemed to me) beyond all that ever was granted to woman. Her soft grey eyes, and broad pencilled brows—her gentle, cheerful voice—her gliding step—her welcome smile, sweeter than any smile I ever saw, coming like the sudden burst of morning light, and dying along those full red lips as slowly as the sunset dies along the sky—all had a separate, an intoxicating charm; and yet—Poor Mary! Mary Esdale’s father died when she was very young; and her mother, thrown without money or friends on the desert world, came back to the place of her youth, and found a shelter beneath the same roof that had fostered her infancy, devoting the remainder of her young days to the education of her little girl, and the society of her own father, the aged minister of M.— Surrounded by blessings, and the idol of a small circle, Mary Esdale grew up in unconscious beauty and undisturbed happiness; and when at length the rosy child was transformed into the meek and gentle girl, Lawrence Bayley (the young curate who had occasionally done duty for her grandfather when his failing health required assistance), proposed, and was accepted as her future husband. So far her life had glided on like the course of a quiet stream—its sameness had not made her sigh for change; the excitement of the world’s pleasures—the knowledge of the world’s vices—all that makes existence a fever, a toil, and a curse, were to her a sealed book and a mystery. The blessed ignorance which alone can give purity of heart—the peaceful rest—the joyous waking of childhood’s earliest years were hers even now, as she sat smiling in the glowing light of autumn, her hand clasped in that of her doting grandfather, and her sweet eyes lifted to the face of her betrothed, as he supported her mother to the rustic bench in the rectory garden, where it was their custom to spend the latter hours of the day. A year was to pass before the young couple were to be united, to give Lawrence time to obtain an expected curacy, or perhaps something better; and if ever one year of perfect happiness was allowed to a mortal creature, it was allotted to Mary Esdale. Autumn wore away; the wind whistled through the little valley, and the cold red sunlight gleamed fainter on the bark of the trees, and shone without warmth on the choked streamlet, where their brown and withered leaves drifted. Winter came on; the sheeted snow covered the desolate earth, and the grey smoke from the cottages curled upwards, scarcely distinguishable from the dull sky above. Spring—the green and lovely spring, with its bursting buds and universal warbling, insensibly gave way to the glory of majestic summer. Seasons in their turn rolled round, and Nature’s beautiful face changed beneath their sway, but the same love and the same happiness still blest the inmates of the lowly rectory. The seasons brought no change for them; they loved—they were together. Their evening stroll in the rectory garden was exchanged, indeed, for a seat by the rectory fireside; and the winter’s day saw Mary’s cheek glow with a brighter pink in her close straw bonnet, as she walked

quickly through the village on missions of charity, than the summer's sun, which lit the leaves when Lawrence and she first rambled together, and talked of their future home. But the same voices spoke and answered—the same smiles were on every face—the same deep-seated content in every heart."

The lovely daughter of Lord Delamere is overturned near the cottage, and this brings the two families familiarly acquainted.

"Blanche Delamere's beauty was of that order which all allow and which all perceive, from the child who loves its brightness, to the voluptuary who marvels at its perfectness of form. Her full red lips seemed too short ever completely to close over the glittering and pearl-like teeth below, and separated only to smile; the glowing pink of her cheek, the deep sapphire blue of her glorious eyes, the dazzling clearness of her complexion, and the clustering profusion of golden ringlets with which her small and distinguished head was adorned—all made her appear as if she belonged to a separate order of beings from the usual inhabitants of earth, 'created to reflect the sun.' She stood for some minutes contemplating the view, leaning her head back on her father's shoulder, as his arm fondly encircled her waist, and gazing on the calm and lovely evening, rich and glowing as the light of August could make it. 'Well, Lawrence,' said Mary Esdale, timidly, after she had watched his countenance for some time, 'what do you think?' 'That there is nothing so beautiful as light—and light never so beautiful as when it falls on a young and lovely face. What a glowing sunset shines out to-night!'—and this time Lawrence Bayley looked not on the face of his betrothed, nor the glory of the summer's sky, but on the fair countenance of the stranger, as she stood leaning her young head and white throat back on her father's arm, and lifting her blue eyes to the calm heaven."

Lawrence grows daily more estranged, and more enthralled by the fascinating stranger.

"That Sabbath morning the village-church was graced by the presence of the noble family from Beech Hollow; it was as a parting token of respect, and their last visit to the rectory was to be paid afterwards. The text given out by Lawrence was, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Always eloquent, and gifted with a singularly graceful delivery, he this day seemed to surpass himself. Mary Esdale's heart glowed, and her eyes grew tearful as she lifted them to the pulpit; suddenly Lawrence Bayley's voice faltered—the sentence he had begun became stammered and broken—the allusion he was about to make to the temptation of Jesus and of many of the saints abruptly concluded: for the space of a minute there was a dead pause. Something during that minute irresistibly recalled to Mary's mind the scene in the ball-room; it might be the subject, or the hesitation and confusion in Lawrence's manner, or something in the words he used, or it might be merely a mysterious sympathy; but so it was, that as the thrilling sensation passed through her heart, she half rose from her place, and beheld Lawrence's eye fixed full and wildly on the face of Blanche Delamere, and on her face, upturned as it was to the gaze of the preacher, a smile, a struggling, but clearly perceptible smile of passionate triumph! Mary Esdale looked round that holy place, sanctified by all the recollections of her life—as the pause was broken, and Lawrence's words again claimed the attention of his congregation; she looked—all was the same as she ever remembered it; the light streamed through the nar-

row stained glass window on the white aprons of the little village school-girls; the old deaf farmer, who for eleven years had leaned in the same position, with his ear-trumpet turned in the direction of the preacher's voice, still leaned and listened in his accustomed place: the aged widow, whose children had one by one been taken from her, still sat, a little more bent and a little more weakened, in the corner to which Mary's infant eyes had often turned to pity; the arched windows still gave to view the old tombstones gleaming in a wintry sunlight. All was *real*! Suddenly the church grew dark to Mary Esdale's eyes; the faces round her wavered and became dim; Lawrence's voice came like the distant gurgling of waters on her ear,—in another minute she had fainted."

"Here is a letter for you, miss," said the old servant at the rectory. The person he addressed turned, and silently took it from his hand. She was in the deepest mourning: her face was not the face we knew four years ago, yet it was Mary Esdale, who sat alone and sorrowing in the well-remembered room where so many happy days had been spent. Nothing is more common in novels and romances than to describe the effects of misery of heart as rather adding to the beauty of the sufferer. I never yet saw in real life an instance of this. It has always seemed to me, on the contrary, that sorrow will leave harsh lines in the sweetest face—will bring sharp tones to the softest voice; that the wringing of the heart will wrinkle the brow, and the memory of blighted hope sow grey hairs in the darkest tresses. Consumption *may* spare the beauty of its victims; it is the body only which wastes and decays; the soul still shines out sunnily from the young eyes that refuse to look upon death; the heart still sends its expression of hope to the hectic cheek and crimson lip: but grief is the canker of the *mind*, and beneath its sway the traces of beauty fade as rapidly as the shadows of evening come down on the earth. Mary Esdale's figure had become thin and angular: her grey eyes had lost their sweetness; her voice had changed its tone. She had voluntarily relinquished the hand of her lover, and left him free to follow one who scorned to be his wife when only Blanche Delamere; but thought no shame, as Viscountess Torrington, to count him in her list of lovers. She had knelt by the death-bed of a suffering mother, and watched the spark of life which lingered in her aged grandfather three freightful and impatient years. They were over—the corpse of the old man lay in the upper room, and his desolate child sat endeavouring, through her blinding tears, to decipher the letter just put into her hands. It ran as follows:

"Dear Miss Esdale,—I have this moment heard of the decease of your pious and worthy relative. Several applications have been made to me, during his illness, for the living. I had originally intended Mr. Bayley to succeed the late occupant; he has, however, been differently provided for, through the interest of Lady Torrington, who has procured him the chaplaincy to her uncle, the Duke of Chiverton; I have therefore bestowed the living on the gentleman who lately assisted your grandfather; and feeling, as I ever must, the sincerest respect and gratitude for his memory, I have endeavoured to arrange something to meet your own views. My sister, Lady Eleanor Ord, who is old and infirm, wishes very much to persuade you to become her companion. She is about to journey to Italy, which would do your health and spirits good. Her temper is kind and cheerful, and you would find with her a

pleasant home. Let me beg of you to consider this, and to favour me with a speedy reply. Believe me always your true well-wisher,

"DELAMERE."

"I shall lie down till the carriage is ready to proceed, and try to sleep; so do not fatigue yourself waiting here, dear Mary—you will find books and every thing in the room we have just left—pray, go." "You will send your maid to call me, dear Lady Eleanor, if you should wish to be read to, or if you feel restless and ill; I cannot bear that any one should serve you but myself, my kind benefactress." "I promise, my dear child, to send if I want you; but it only pains me to see you looking so fagged, and seated by my bedside—go"—and Mary went. She re-entered the room where they had breakfasted, and sat down. She took up a book—closed it—tried another with the same success—she leaned back in her chair and gazed on the blue Italian skies which smiled before her. "And this," thought she, "is only the second year since I left England—only the six-and-twentieth of my life; how slowly that life seems to pass, and yet how old I feel! And this is his birthday—his! Oh, let me pray for him, though he forsook me. The days we used to keep as festivals are the saddest to me now. Perhaps—perhaps they are by this time sad even to him." She knelt and prayed, and the sobbing sigh which broke from her lips when she rose, proved how little as yet time had done towards effacing the bitterness of her sorrow. That sigh was echoed by some person in the same room. Startled beyond measure, Miss Esdale gazed round her, and beheld on the sofa, at the further end of the large room, the half-recumbent figure of a man wrapped in a travelling cloak. An exclamation escaped her, and she was about to leave the apartment for the purpose of remonstrating with the owner of the hotel, when her own name, twice repeated, made her pause in trembling agony, and then rush forward. "Lawrence—beloved Lawrence!" It was all she had power to utter, as she took the wasted hand he extended to her, and gazed on the wasted brow, on which death seemed already to have set his seal.

"And now, dear Mary, you know all—the sin—the sorrow—the fever of the last six years. There have been *months* during which I have not dared mock God with prayer! there have been days when I have been on the point of putting an end to my existence with my own hand! And O! if even in the delirium of passion I regretted the quiet and peace of early days, and your low voice haunted me *then*; what must it have been when she to whom I had devoted my ruined soul, my blighted life, grew weary of that very devotion—when I saw others preferred, whose love, like her own, was more an occupation than a feeling—when I knew and saw that, but for woman's shame, she would have sneered away the constancy with which I clung to her? But it is over now, and fallen as I am, Mary, there is hope in Heaven and in your gentleness. Deep, deep is my repentance: O! say that at some future day you will forgive me all I have made you suffer—that you will permit me to devote my existence to you. Speak the word, Mary; say that you forgive me—that you will yet fulfil the vows of your early youth, and all of life that is left me is yours." Mary Esdale knelt by his side, and murmured the desired words. She raised his hand to her lips, and as her arm timidly stole beneath the head that sank on her shoulder, the blood rushed to her cheek and temples, and quivered at her

heart with a quick and beating pulse. Vague dreams of happy love melted on her soul, till she feared to meet his gaze. She turned—alas! those dying eyes were taking their last farewell of hers. They closed beneath her wild and passionate caress—re-opened—closed again—and Lawrence Bayley was no more!"

The following lively stanzas are by far the best poetical specimen we can select:—

"The Old Beau. By Edward Fitzgerald.

'Laudator temporis acti,'

The days we used to laugh, Tom,
At tales of love, and tears of passion;
The bowls we used to quaff, Tom,
In toasting all the toasts in fashion;
The heaths and hills we ranged, Tom,
When limb ne'er fail'd, when step ne'er falter'd;
Alas! how things are changed, Tom,
How we—and all the world—are alter'd!

A few scarce heeded years, Tom,
And you and I were chums at college,
Mid all our gay compeers, Tom,
Just starting for the goal of knowledge;
And some their race have run, Tom,
And some are ruin'd—some are risen,
And some have had their fun, Tom,
In parliament, and some—in prison.

But you and I, of all, Tom,
Who went, in that unclouded weather,
To concert, and to ball, Tom,
In the same coats and cab together,
Retain, alone, our taste, Tom,
(Mid modern men, like monkeys strutting,
Tight-shod, and tighter laced, Tom),
For Hob's boots, and Stultz's cutting.

The coats of this changed clime, Tom!—
Why, you might just as well compare them
With those of that bright time, Tom,
As us who wore, with those who wear them.
The boots old Hob's, Tom,
Oh! 'twere a spell to set a-shaking
His buried bones and shade, Tom,
To name them with young Hob's making.

Ay, these were coats and boots, Tom,
And when shall we behold their equal?
But times have changed with suits, Tom,
First mark the sign, and then the sequel:
Hain't the climate grown, Tom,
Some ten degrees (or more so) colder?
Haven't the sun and stone, Tom,
That ne'er before felt age, grown older?

The granite, once so strong, Tom,
Of old St. Paul's, begins to crumble;
The snows upon Mont Blanc, Tom,
No longer melt with heat, and tumble:
The very seasons teach, Tom,
The same sad truth—the same dark lesson,
For all may see how each, Tom,
Put, year by year, a plainer dress on.

The world, I oft suspect, Tom,
Draws near its close; and isn't it better
To die, when no respect, Tom,
Is shown from creditor to debtor?
When tradesfolk make a row, Tom,
A year or two if you delay them,
And often ask you, now, Tom,
With perfect nonchalance, to pay them!

The change is over all, Tom,
And Nature's self hath lost her vigour;
Just mark at any ball, Tom,
The falling off in face and figure:
No gliding minuet's grace, Tom,
But dances fit for low carousers;
No ruffles—no point lace, Tom—
Broad cloth is all—broad cloth and—trousers!

The beauties of our days, Tom!—
Oh! those were eyes of glorious beaming,
One moment of whose gaze, Tom,
Made life thenceforth a lover's dreaming.
We see their daughters now, Tom,
And while a pang our bosom smothers,
We look on each young brow, Tom,
And sigh—"You're nothing to your mothers!"

Out on the graybeard Time, Tom!
He makes the best-turn'd leg grow thinner;
He spares not sex, nor clime, Tom,
Nor us—the old relentless sinner!
But come down and be gay, Tom,
At the old call, and banish sorrow;
For Jekyll comes to-day, Tom,
And Lady Aldboro' to-morrow."

An individual, most judicious in the anonymous of initials, has completely spoilt Madame Houdetot's pretty and well-known verses to St. Lambert. Mr. Lowther states that—

"Of my thoughts, in pensive train,
Court the kind muse, nor court in vain."

We beg leave to say, that the statement is erroneous; his courtship is quite thrown away.

Naval Adventures; comprising a Narrative of Thirty-Five Years' Service in various Parts of the World. By Lieutenant Bowers, R.N. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1833. Bentley.

A SERIES of sketches of personal adventure in various climes, and often under extraordinary circumstances, these pages furnish exactly that sort of light reading which amuses every body, and can be taken up with pleasure at any moment of leisure or relaxation. Bred at sea, and accustomed to great variety of fortune, our first quotation shall exhibit the author at St. Domingo.

"One day, as I was sitting down to dinner, I was surprised by the unexpected honour of a visit from no less a personage than one of the captains of these men-of-war. He came alongside in great style in a ten-oared cutter, with a neat awning spread, the boat's crew smartly dressed in white frocks, and trousers trimmed with blue, the coxswain standing up. I regretted not being able to pipe the side or receive him with a guard; however, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his reception. The sable hero, highly perfumed, was dressed in a gold-laced hat, blue coat, white breeches, and silk stockings, and, with his marmoset visage, struck me as the very beau ideal of one 'clothed in a little brief authority.' I received him hat in hand, and he, on stepping on deck, returned my salutation with a bow that might have graced a courtier, holding out his hand, (or rather paw, such was its shape and dimensions, albeit neatly begloved,) and shaking mine very cordially, saying, 'Understand you man-of-war officer; I sarb King Jarge too, I fo top man board Nym frigat tree fo yeer, berry smart ship, beat eburry ting.' A Doctor W—, a native of Jamaica, and nearly of the same complexion, though better formed about the shins and heels, and more intelligent than our new acquaintance, was to dine with me, and I invited the latter to join us. The doctor was a great wag, and between us we drew our companion completely out, obtaining from him the principal events of his life. He had, it appeared, been gun-room cook's-mate of the Nymph, had sailed out of Bermuda and New Providence, and, by the little knowledge and experience thus gained among Europeans, made the most of by strong natural parts, had contrived to attain his present elevated rank in the state, verifying the Spanish proverb—'En pais de los ciegos el tuerto es rey.' I remarked on the neglected appearance of the ships; he replied, 'Dat em does for sabe money. Ship company get six prantain a day—no wages; no same you Inglisman, spend money all same in peace as war.' I then inquired, 'How in the event of Christophe putting to sea, would you get your ships in order?' 'Oh! I get ship undaweigh, go to sea—'bout ship ebery fibe minute, —gib em nothing to eat, 'tart em like debil, no let em sleep till ship all same Inglis man-of-war.' Very good, thought I, example has not been lost upon you; I know of many with brighter skins and more enlightened minds, who reason not a whit better. *Malgré* these holy-alliance notions, our new acquaintance was not a bad sort of fellow; he subsequently proved of great assistance in two or three disputes between ship-masters and captains of the port. His travels had made him more of a cosmopolite than his countrymen, who had little feeling in common with their white-skinned brethren, whom they affected to pity, supposing their difference of complexion to result from leprosy—black with

them being the original colour of those created in God's image."

After this, our countryman appears to have engaged, something like the voyagers in times of old, in half-trading, half-fighting affairs in the Pacific, having visited Chili, Lima, Peru, &c. during the struggles there from 1820 to a late date. The following is a curious account of some of his transactions:—

"On reaching Arica I found my old friend Portocarrero—whom I had recently left in full command—a close prisoner on board of one of the state's ships. He had, it seems, been temporising with the enemy, to whom, as it appeared by letters intercepted and forwarded to the admiral (Guise), he was about to betray his army. The correspondence could not have fallen into better hands. Daring, prompt, and decisive, no one knew better than Guise how to deal with a traitor. He gave his captain, Morgel, a positive order to proceed to the camp at the valley of Sapa, six miles from the town, and bring the general, dead or alive. Morgel, delighted with his commission, set off with a marine officer and two confidential men; and on the general coming from his tent to inspect the troops, accosted him: 'Buenos dias; venga conmeigo.' ('Good morning! come with me;') at the same moment seizing his horse's bridle. The astonished chief had scarce time to stammer out a 'c—jo,' when the other, clapping a pistol to his head, cut short the dialogue with 'Venga; tu ou tu cabeza.' ('None of your humbug; either you or your head, it matters little which.') In this manner the unfortunate Portocarrero, seeing resistance useless, permitted himself to be led off a prisoner, and consigned over to the admiral. The Spaniards advanced; the patriots, shooting their horses and destroying all that they could not embark, quitted the coast, while the unfortunate inhabitants, for having received them, were obliged to abandon their homes and families, and seek shelter on board the transports and men-of-war. Thus ended this well-planned, but ill-conducted enterprise. A short time previous to this unfortunate *dénouement*, having landed General Santa Cruz at Arica, I went down with Admiral Guise and two transports, having on board six hundred men, to Quilca. This place, as well as several points in the neighbourhood, was instantly taken possession of; but the Spaniards, learning what was going on, sent down eight hundred men under General Ramirez to drive us off. I happened to be in the tent of Colonel Pardo de Zela, commanding the troops, when the news of the enemy's approach arrived. The soldiers at this moment were at their meal, frigoles (beans or calavansas), which, by my persuasion, they were permitted to finish. We then marched, and through a scorching sun gained the heights in the direction of the enemy, where we halted, the colonel exclaiming, 'Here will I wait the enemy, and conquer or leave my skin.' 'Bravo,' thought I; while the officers and men, equally courageous, responded to the sentiment. I only hoped their bravery might not—as numerous symptoms along the line gave us reason to apprehend—evaporate with the flutulent frigoles. Scouts were now sent forward; but as no enemy was to be seen, feeling my inner man beginning to complain, I went down to the village of Quilca, and prevailed on an old dame to knock up a mess of stewed mullet and fowls for myself and three companions, who, like real Englishmen, had no notion of fighting with an empty stomach. We had made a comfortable meal, and, with some of the colo-

* "In the land of the blind a one-eyed man's a king."

nel's wine which I had ferreted out, were drinking success to the good cause, when a breathless messenger rushed in to announce that the enemy were in sight. Up we jumped, and, each seizing a large stick from some baker's faggots, made a short cut to the scene of action. We found the gallant colonel, a genuine Castilian, with his little army drawn out in battle array, skilfully disposed, with the two wings advanced, and a reserve of one hundred men; while a detachment of sharpshooters, among whom was Morgel, with the sailors and marines of the frigate, myself and crew, were sent forward. The Spaniards, having halted on an opposite hill, rather overlooking our position, after carefully reconnoitring, formed their cavalry in two lines, about three deep, with the infantry between them, and advanced down the slope. Halting an instant at the bottom, a blast from the cornets, or bugles, gave the signal, and they charged up the hill, firing as they advanced. The shot flew about us like a hail-storm, and our party now retreated towards the main body, scampering off in double-quick time. As for myself, remembering that 'the better part of valour is discretion,' that

'He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day';

as well as that the legs of certain quadrupeds were somewhat longer than those of bipeds, I set off as fast as mine could carry me, keeping my eye all the time on the reserve, and gained the line almost exhausted with the exertion. At this moment, seeing the colonel apparently undecided what to do, I off hat, and cheered, exclaiming, 'Viva la patria! No hay quidado! los enemigos son cobardes y picares'—('Success to the country! Never fear, my boy; the enemy are cowards, stick to them.') This seemed to have a magic effect. The troops stood firm as a rock, took good aim, and as soon as their opponents had approached within about twenty yards, let fly a volley among them with such good effect, knocking down man and horse, that they turned tail instantly, and scampered off the field, closely pursued by the patriots, who gained a complete victory, severely wounding the Spanish chief. After this we were no more troubled by them, and were shortly after reinforced by the second division under General Sucre. While laying at Arica, a public dinner, to which all the military and naval officers on the spot were invited, was given by General Santa Cruz. Here, as usual, toasts, speeches, sentiments, and rhetorical flourishes to the honour of the army, who were thickly bedaubed with praise, were abundant; and so completely were these heroes occupied with themselves, that they seemed totally to have forgotten that the representative of the other service, which had sufficiently indicated its claim to consideration, was present. Guise, the last man in the world to brook rudeness or an insult, not knowing what to make of all this, having for some time waited patiently for the *amende*, at length rose abruptly from the table, and, with his officers, quitting the saloon, went on board; and although the ship was painting, half-unrigged, and the sails unbent, the next day at ten A.M. proceeded to sea with the squadron. This threw the convivia, who, in the face of the enemy, looked to the navy as their sheet-anchor, into great dismay, in the midst of which Santa Cruz sent for me. In answer to his inquiries as to the motions of the squadron, I told him the admiral was gone to cruise for fourteen days to exercise his crew. On this he begged of me to put to sea immediately after him, and say any thing I

pleased by way of apology to pacify the slighted and irritated chief, and persuade him to return. This I complied with; and, on joining the latter, had a good laugh at the expense of the *soi-disant* heroes. We returned to Arica, where all was amicably arranged, and where, at the next public dinner, it is needless to say, the admiral and his navy, not again overlooked, came in for a full share of 'soap.' Guise, in general frank and independent, haughty and unbending to those he despised, violent to those who offended him, and unable to speak the language of the people, which, from his contempt for their venality and corruption, he never would learn, was naturally no favourite among them. These traits were in strange contrast with the pliability, warm-heartedness, and devotion to his friends, or those who once gained his confidence, who could persuade him to any thing. It was this inclination to be biased by others, which led to his difference with Lord Cochrane. Subsequently to the latter's retiring from the service, after the settlement of Peru, Guise became admiral and commander-in-chief of the Peruvian navy. Tired of an idle life, and not meeting with that encouragement which his zeal, services, and rank, as a commander in the British navy, entitled him to look for, he, in the year 1817, purchased and equipped an old eighteen-gun brig, the *Hecate*, subsequently the *Galvarino*, which, well-manned and armed, he carried out to Buenos Ayres. Here he got into some difficulties with the authorities, but, finally extricating himself, he reached Valparaíso, where, disposing of his brig to the Chilean government to great advantage, he was offered subordinate employment; this, however, was not sufficient for his ambition, and he refused to serve under their commander-in-chief, Blanco Ciceron. Subsequently, however, on the arrival of Lord Cochrane, he made a tender of his services to that officer. No vacancy offered at the moment, but, shortly after, when the squadron were on the point of sailing, the crew of the *Lautaro* (late *Windham*), of fifty guns, having with the connivance of their officers, refused to weigh their anchors, although the admiral had given the captain, Worster, to understand that, if he was not in his station by midnight, he would supersede him, Guise was appointed to the command. I was the bearer of his commission, subsequently conveying him on board at one o'clock in the morning, where, presenting himself to the mutineers, he read his commission, and in a short time reasoned them into submission and order. Such is the influence and ascendancy of ability and daring, particularly over seamen. In the first bombardment of the castle of Callao in 1819, he supported his lordship with his accustomed gallantry, receiving a severe and dangerous wound in the spine, which he never recovered. Some difference subsequently taking place between the two officers, Guise retired until the other gave up the command, when he was appointed to the command of the Peruvian squadron, and hoisted his flag on board the *Prueba*, or *Presidente*, subsequently *Protectora*. In this he took possession of Arica in 1823, keeping this and the intermediate ports until the arrival of General Santa Cruz's expedition. On the arrival of the Spanish seventy-four gun-ships *Asia* and *Achille*, he had several partial actions with the two ships; and, although very inferior in force, and sometimes badly supported, displayed his usual bravery and skill. In the river of Guayaquil, he was arrested by the governor, made a close prisoner, and treated with great indig-

nity by the Columbians, for speaking disrespectfully of Bolívar; but, on his arrival at Lima, he was tried and acquitted. When the liberator left Peru, the party adverse to the Columbians having resumed their ascendancy, Guise was again reinstated in command of the squadron; and, on the war breaking out with Columbia, warped his ship in a very seaman-like manner up to the town of Guayaquil, and summoned the garrison to surrender. This being refused, he opened a fire on the town, which was replied to by a masked battery of four guns, — a twenty-four pound shot from which, on the third or fourth discharge, cut him through the body as he was standing at the gangway. The ship having hauled off, the body, placed in a puncheon of rum, was brought to Lima, where it lay in state for three days, and was thus buried in the Pantheon in all the pomp and state of the Catholic ritual. He left a widow (a native of the country) and two daughters, for whom, when I left the country, no provision had been made."

We must here, also, reserve the conclusion.

Phillips's Lectures on the History and Principles of Painting.

[Second notice.]

HAVING touched on the historical portion of Mr. Phillips's able work in our last No., we proceed briefly to describe that which is expressly instructive. We say "expressly," because the "History of Painting," as our readers have seen, contains much valuable, though incidental instruction.

The first lecture, so considering the subject, but the fifth in the volume, is on "that compound of memory, of imagination, and of judgment, which we term *Invention*." After observing that both the poet and the painter must be confined in their compositions to a reference to nature, since "man is a combiner, not a creator," Mr. Phillips maintains, very justly, that the poet is infinitely the more unrestrained of the two; and instances in support of his argument the celebrated description of Death in "Paradise Lost," and the well-known stanza in the third canto of "Childe Harold," in which Lord Byron makes the battle of Waterloo, and the fierce destruction of human life that accompanied it, his theme. He shews that in these passages poetry has taken a license which can never be enjoyed by painting. "It becomes therefore," he remarks, "of exceedingly great moment to a painter, that he know how to choose those subjects for the display of his art, whose whole purport may be effected by the exercise of its legitimate powers; by figures, which can be circumscribed by form and perfected by colour; the sentiments appertaining to which are capable of being conveyed by action and expression, and made definable by circumstance."

On the necessity of a painter's "extending the sphere of his natural knowledge, and of his becoming intimately acquainted with all the stores of imagery it best can furnish him," Mr. Phillips thus eloquently speaks:

"No ingenuity can parry this necessity, or create a substitute for it. No exercise of genius, however brilliant, can abide the test of inquiry into its truth if not founded on this knowledge, which alone provides proper means for the exertions of genius. It is from the treasures of memory that the imagination is supplied with materials for invention; and it is, as I have said, only by reasoning from that which we know, and combining ideas familiar to us, and derived from natural causes, that we can

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create new and interesting scenes. The season of life when we can most effectively prepare for this is youth. Then the varieties and the beauties of nature charm by their novelty, and the pleasure which that novelty excites aids in fixing the images of the objects which gratify us in our memories, in store for future application. All those objects or scenes, all those circumstances or combinations of nature which impress ideas of beauty, of grace, of tenderness, of sublimity, or of terror, should be familiar to the painter. Whatever can impart to his mind the knowledge of the forms or the combinations of colours which excite such sensations as are the result of those ideas, should constantly be objects of his research; since such result is the solid foundation of the best exercise of his art. All with which moral philosophy or poetry can inspire him, all which can agitate, or calm the mind, must be objects of reflection and emulation to him; and there is no place or society which will not supply food for his imagination and invention, if he be earnestly intent upon qualifying himself to reap the fame due to merit in his art. Above all, he must be intent upon obtaining the knowledge of man, both in his mental and corporeal capacities, in all his varied stages, under all possible circumstances, and through all his diversified characters. He must observe his actions and the expression of his features in his unguarded moments, when indulging the better feelings of his nature, or when under the influence of the ruder passions; and tracing the sympathetic connexion between his internal feelings and their external tokens, learn to portray the appropriate form which distinguishes each character; which displays to view the varied influence of virtue, or of vice; of sentiment, or of folly; or presents us with the images of childhood, youth, or age; of health and sickness, beauty or deformity.

"This acquaintance with the works of nature should be accompanied by a knowledge of the productions of art; as the shortest mode of obtaining a perception of its capacities, information of its means, and of overcoming the difficulties of its practice. If thus stored with knowledge, the basis of invention, the able painter may apply it in modes of almost infinite variety. It is true, that, to afford pleasure to the eye, and thence to the mind, has been the most extensive employment of the art of painting; but there is another point of higher import within its reach, and that is, engaging the better feelings of our nature, and so supplying moral instruction. This it attains by adopting such subjects, and employing such imagery as shall excite amiable and exalted sentiments; and engage our mental faculties in the contemplation of acts of affection, of virtue, and of heroism."

We regret that our limits will not allow us to quote a fine passage, in which Mr. Phillips expatiates on the magnificent inventive faculty possessed by Michael Angelo.

The next lecture is on the basis of the whole art of painting, "the immediate agent of invention, the medium by which an artificial image becomes significant of a real one."—Design.

"The effect which natural objects produce upon our sense of vision is that of a number of parts, or distinct masses of form and colour, and not of lines. But when we endeavour to represent by painting those objects which are before us or which invention supplies to our minds, the first and the simplest means we resort to is this fiction, by which we separate the form of each object from those that surround it, marking its boundary, the extreme extent of

its dimensions in every direction, as impressed on our vision; and this is termed drawing its outline.

"Possession of skill in design is one of the most enviable enjoyments of the painter; and to be capable of drawing a line at once correct and free, and fitted to its purpose, is to possess an instrument of power over all the attributes of the art of painting. It gives freedom and command of hand, from whence arise all the beauties of execution. It enables a painter to dispose every touch of his pencil with understanding, with clearness, and with energy; it exhibits knowledge, and aids in preserving clearness of colour; above all, it is the sure guide to the attainment of that vivid expression of character,—the most engaging quality of a picture. All who have practised the art of painting must be aware of the vast advantage arising from the possession of such power."

After strongly recommending to the student, in the first instance, the study of the human form as exhibited in the admirable remains of antiquity, Mr. Phillips makes the following judicious and well-expressed remark:—

"The knowledge of those select forms, and the power of drawing them, acquired, the next object for attention is the comprehension of that spirit which dictated the selection. By comparing the forms of the antique with those usually presented by nature in the living figure, you will the most readily surmount this difficulty. It is that living figure, however, which painters are called upon to represent, with all its moving powers, and ever-varying union of part with part; it must, therefore, be the main object of your study. A constant reference to this privilege, or this necessity of the art of painting, will enable you safely to conduct your studies from the antique statues; and, while the benefit to your taste derivable from them may be obtained, you may avoid the coldness, the hardness, and fixedness of form, which is too often apparent in the works of those painters who, neglecting the shrine of nature, have worshipped with too confined and partial devotion the divinities of the Greeks; and who have paid the forfeit for so doing in the disregard of mankind."

The growth of Raffaele's style of design is clearly and beautifully traced; and its final enlargement is shewn to have proceeded from his study of the works of Michael Angelo.

"What is then this quality of design," asks Mr. Phillips, "which such a man as Raffaele sought so eagerly to combine with his own extraordinary perceptions of the beauty of art, as capable of increasing the unrivalled lustre of his works in other points? Wherein the peculiar excellence of that style resides, which so great a painter thought worthy of his emulation, must be an important object for our consideration. It is the glory of Michael Angelo! To obtain it, he frequently proceeded to the confines of affectation in action, and excess in line. Indeed, it must be acknowledged, that he not unfrequently passed the bounds prescribed by propriety. It was not beauty which he sought, as commonly understood; that is more perfectly displayed in the antique statues, though his statue of Bacchus possesses it in a high degree. His great principle seems to have been to obtain the character of motion, as designative of life, by variety and fulness of line, and by contrast; and this, when added to beauty, infinitely increases its power."

"This principle of motion he is said to have confirmed in his own mind, if not found it, by study from the *Torso*, which, according to Vasari, and Condivi, and after them Lanzi, he

repeatedly drew; and it so pervades the picture of the Last Judgment, that we are fully justified in believing the report. To produce one undisturbed impression on the mind, largeness in the flow of his line, creating breadth of form, was his medium; rejecting all unessential parts, though not with the severity of the Greek sculptors inattentive to minor ones, in the markings of the bones and tendons of his figures. Even in his sculpture of allegorical figures, the Night and Morning on the tombs of the Medici, he is not found an implicit follower of the forms of the antique; but, impelled by his desire to convey motion, has given to them less abstract ideas of form. Though he fondly displayed his anatomical knowledge in his naked figures, it is not done with that coarse character of dissected forms which draughtsmen, and his mistaken imitators, have given to us. I have not unfrequently seen living models so formed, as exactly to present the style of design of Michael Angelo, such as he selected from nature as best suited to his grand and elevated views of the art; and it was not by extravagant departure from nature, as many conclude, that he formed his principles; but by careful selection from it, ennobling style in design, without destroying truth of imitation in its general character. The line which Raffaele chose when at his best, was more gentle than Angelo's—less convex, and with less of occasional acuteness; the muscles not so full, nor so much in action; and the parts of the joints less distinctly marked. Hence the sensation it creates is more agreeable, but less forcible in expression."

Composition is the subject of Mr. Phillips's seventh lecture.

"This influential principle of the art of painting," he observes, "includes, not only the proper introduction and combination of figures, with the management of forms and characters relative to the subject chosen, but of those also which will enable the painter, without losing sight of propriety, to employ the most beautiful arrangements of colours, and of chiaro-oscuro; alike efficient to maintain those forms and characters, and agreeably to diversify the surface of his picture. Such combinations cannot be skillfully effected by a fortuitous mode of proceeding. Some solid principles must be adopted to guide an artist through such a labyrinth of difficulties, and enable him to produce a composition, effective for all his purposes, but void of evident artifice; the apparent result of a natural and perfect vision of the original prototype. But so subtle is this degree of perfection in composition, and so difficult of attainment, that it is only by many essays, frequently imperfect, and inefficient, that a learner becomes acquainted with the nature of the difficulties that attend it. So true it is, that the real beauties of the art are unostentatious; and the more perfect any work of art is, the more easy of imitation does it appear to the unpractised."

"There are two kinds of composition in historical painting. One is the offspring of the sentiment or feeling inspired by the subject; and its aim is to illustrate that subject in the clearest and the most engaging manner; but making its beauty subservient to its strength. The other is merely technical, the interest it excites being dependent on the skill of the artist; the beauty of art is the paramount object of it, and the subject is considered but as a vehicle for its display. The first is the firm foundation on which rests the glory of the composition of the Florentine school at its most perfect period; the other, of the less stable

charms of the school of Venice, after the time of Titian: it is that also of Parma, to a high degree, and frequently of the Bolognese school. Each sacrificed the principle of the other to attain its own end. They please by different means, and will be enjoyed in turn by those who search in the various schools of painting for the beauties of each; and each offends those who narrowly have resolved, either to be pleased with that alone which is beautiful to the eye, or with that which gratifies the mind, regardless of beauty."

The true basis of the most valuable kinds of composition, is a union of a good understanding and a pure taste.

"There are established principles in the nature of man, by which, unconscious of their influence, his actions are controlled, both when alone or in communion with others, according to the circumstances which surround him and engage his attention. When many men act together under circumstances of a tranquil nature, or are merely observant of a fact which does not excite to warm emotions, but rather produces serious or solemn sensations; we see the sentiment appertaining to the scene displayed in the parallelism of their positions, and the simple and slight movements of their limbs. In conformity with the principle thus established by nature has that powerful and beautiful portrayer of human nature, Raffaele, our purest guide when whatever relates to propriety is the theme—thus he has employed the influence of simple forms in his cartoon of the Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter, to produce solemnity, the natural effect of that scene. It is the same in his group of the Apostles in the Ananias, and also among the figures distributing and receiving alms; whilst he has resorted to the adverse system of angular forms and abrupt contrasts, to portray distress and convulsion in the dying man, and astonishment and dismay in the figures that immediately surround him. Again, the simple forms and parallelism of position producing the seriousness becoming those engaged in the intended sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, are disturbed only by the varieties of form and the contrasts, indicative of the commotion excited by the distress of St. Paul, and explanatory of the miracle he has performed."

The injurious effect which an inordinate love of the picturesque has produced in solemn devotional subjects, is pointed out in some of the compositions of Rubens, Domenichino, and Tintoretto. On the other hand,

"What can be more appropriate," observes Mr. Phillips, "more duly springing from the nature of a subject, than the grand, and flowing, and graceful lines which characterise the composition by Rubens in the Luxembourg gallery, of the crowning of Mary of Medicis? What more descriptive of the violence and fury of a battle than the angular forms and abrupt contrasts of the Battle of the Standard by Da Vinci? and of those skilful arrangements which were adopted from it, or made in rivalry with it, in the splendid compositions of the hunting scenes of Rubens? or the bustle and vivacity produced by the infinite variety of contrasts, which almost intoxicate our sense of vision, in that vigorous and astonishing effort of his glowing pencil, the Fall of the Damned, at Munich? or that other admirable picture, so strong in contrast of subject, the Fête Flamande, now in the Louvre?"

The following are valuable general maxims:

"In the formation of groups employed in historical or poetical display, well-founded composition, will, of course, scorn a servile de-

pendence upon the rules of art. But its general form, created by the character of the subject and the necessities it imposes, being determined, the painter will then do well to take the geometric form most nearly allied to it, and make that form his regulator. Such a guide gives point to composition, and renders it more efficient, by the rare combination it displays of feeling, taste, and science.

"It is likewise of absolute importance that the figures do not interfere with each other, that each be distinctly and intelligibly clear, however small be the portion of it which is seen; and that the whole act together in line and in form, to make the mass agreeable; as seen in that magic circle which surrounds St. Paul preaching at Athens; and, above all, that there be no uncertainty as to the principal object of the picture; but that it be made conspicuous, as the centre from which all emanates. This may be effected by various means; by form, by station, by mass, by light, by dark; and by the subordinate parts evidently tending, and conducting the eye of the spectator, towards it."

For a lucid description of the distinguishing qualities of the compositions of Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Coreggio, Titian, Tintoretto, and the Caracci, we must refer to the volume itself. The following passage, on the employment of composition in adjusting and regulating the quantities or proportions of forms and of spaces throughout the surface employed, contains some curious matter:

"One main point in the perfection of composition relative to form, technically speaking, and without reference to subject, consists in that proportional division of the surface employed, which at once presents to the eye an agreeable combination of forms and spaces. 'Proportioned quantities,' says Lomazzo, 'is the matter of painting; and form is the regulator of those quantities; and it extends throughout the whole surface of a picture.' Such is the language of an author, who, living at a time when the art was highly cultivated and employed, must have received his tenets from the best authorities. What I mean by proportional quantities, or divisions of the surface, will be easily comprehended in its principle, though there may doubts arise in many minds as to the practical application of it. There are, however, some points upon which all agree; such as the impropriety of having many equal parts, or parts equal in quantity, or many similar forms; or of having the forms of diverse parts so range with each other, that they may not easily be separated. On such points there can be no doubt: experience has taught us how much delight our eyes receive from variety and distinctness of form; but the exact proportion of parts which is requisite is not so easily determinable. The more I have considered the subject, and the more I find myself compelled by practice, the more I am satisfied that its basis is determinable by numbers. I say the basis upon which it rests; for I conceive that the nearer an artist approaches to some arithmetical proportion in, or between, his masses, or his forms and spaces, among themselves, or each to the other, the more acceptable will his compositions be; not only to those initiated in the art, but also to the common observer."

The combination of lines, so as to produce beauty in the whole, is also another important principle of composition. After all, however,

"What those shapes which best produce beauty, grace, or grandeur should be, taste must decide; for no rules can reach the va-

rieties which are required under different circumstances; sometimes for contrast, at others for union; now to relieve, now to absorb the outline of the figure, or its lights and shades; to produce extension of light, or to compress it, according to the nature or quality of the subject."

But here we are compelled to pause, and to postpone the conclusion of our notice.

The Encyclopædia of Romance. Vol. II. Conducted by the Rev. H. Martineau. London, 1833. Henderson.

A PRETTILY bound and neatly got-up volume; but what, in the name of the absurd, could induce the editor to select the first story?—one of those old-fashioned histories of "virtue in danger," long since exploded. One instance of the heroine's magnanimity is so original, that it shall have what it deserves. We must premise, that a Newfoundland dog has preserved the lady from a salute too roughly offered; when "the baronet was so weakened by his struggle with the dog, that Eliza was obliged to lead him to a chair, in which having placed him, she generously warmed him some elder-wine!"

The Borderers. No. XXXI. of the Standard Novels. London, 1833. Bentley.

THIS volume completes the series of Mr. Cooper's American novels—some of the most interesting, and certainly the most original, that even this fertile branch of literature has produced. They are a portion of the history of his country, and must be read by all who desire accurate knowledge and vivid pictures of civilisation making its way through the woods, and of society formed under the most peculiar circumstances. Mr. Cooper, too, is the poet of the Indians; and when that extraordinary race have melted away from the vast continent once their own, the name of the Mohicans will be preserved by these picturesque and animated embodyings of their heroes and traditions. The account, also, of the dangers and hardships of the earlier settlers will become every day more valuable; and we cannot but think (though not, perhaps, the author's original intention) these pages draw the two countries together, and will remain a perpetual link of connexion between the original stock and their descendants. *The Borderers* is enriched by additional notes from the author; and, prettily embellished, it forms one of the most attractive volumes of a collection which, for its extreme cheapness, and the good taste and variety of its selections, deserves all possible encouragement.

The Prediction. 3 vols. London, 1833. Saunders and Otley.

WE thought, on reading these pages, that we had gone back thirty years at least: there is the same staple of unheard-of villany, unseen beauty, and unknown virtue; together with love, murder, and sudden death. The first volume is the most interesting; after that the story becomes confused, and the intricate improbabilities of the plot thicken into all but darkness positive: besides, the history of three generations is too much for these impatient days. The Irish bog is good; but the involved narrative cannot be illustrated by a detached passage. We therefore leave the complicated disasters to those who may inherit the taste of their novel-reading grandmothers; or who have plenty of idleness to throw away, which, Heaven knows, we have not, and are consequently more inclined to tire of a long story than the

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The Prophetic Momus; or, Laughing Cassandra: being the only humorous yet credible Diary for 1834. Containing Predictions of astounding Events, and unprecedented Weather, which must occur in each Month of so remarkable a Year; and fateful Warnings connected with the Nativity of certain Persons high in the Political, Religious, Fashionable, Musical, Dramatic, and Commercial World. By a Modern Chaldean. London, 1833. Miller.

A *jeu d'esprit*, with a ludicrous frontispiece, in which, as well as in the poetical almanac, there is a pleasant quiz of prophetic prognostications. We take the month of November for a pattern. Every day has its line, thus—

- 1 S. Ricks burnt,
- 2 S. the weavers in commotion,
- 3 M. The confident left in the lurch.
- 4 T. Much combustious preparation
Hints derision to be hurled
- 5 W. On a patriot lost the nation,
Who enlightened once the world.
- 6 T. Rise of stocks,
- 7 F. and fall of beasts,
- 8 S. A morning mist,
- 9 S. Doctrinal questions,
- 10 M. Civic honours, barges, feasts,
- 11 T. Transits,
- 12 W. Gout,
- 13 T. and indigestions.
- 14 F. One old commander bows to fate,
- 15 S. And two new sheriffs to the queen.
- 16 S. Don't read in bed!
- 17 M. Don't sit up late!
- 18 T. A famed prize-fighter made a dean.
- 19 W. England doth that which shall enhance
her
Repute.
- 20 T. With politics don't mix!
- 21 F. Slander's abroad,
- 22 S. and a French dancer
Dies an old maid at twenty-six.
- 23 S. Ovens shut their mouths each Sunday.
- 24 M. Most benign are this year's fogs.
- 25 T. Lamps are hardly lit till noon-day,
- 26 W. Forth! ye need not fear mad dogs,
- 27 T. Monstrous lies in all the papers,
- 28 F. An honest lawyer is exhibited.
- 29 S. Arsenic the best cure for vapours,
- 30 S. All smiles on Saturday prohibited.

Specimens of English Sonnets. Selected by the Rev. A. Dyce. pp. 224. London, 1833. Pickering.

A PRETTY *petite* quarto, very nicely got up. The specimens are tastefully selected, from the Earl of Surrey (the first of our sonnetters) to the present day, and must gratify the lovers of this species of composition by their variety and frequent poetical beauties.

The Reform. By J. Galt. London, 1833. Fraser.

GALT's novels of the "*Member*" and the "*Radical*" united together in one volume,—a political union not at all irrelevant, and therefore, we trust, calculated to produce good fruits.

On Man; his Motives, their Rise, Operations, Opposition, and Results. By W. Bagshaw, Clerk, M.A. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

THE author thinks he has made a discovery, in tracing motives to choice as the result of opposition; and in illustrating this principle, chiefly

differs from writers who have preceded him, with far greater powers, in the same field of inquiry. If we understand him rightly, he contends that man possesses one class of motives from his soul, and another from his body; and that in the choice resulting from these, we may find the causes of all his actions. His moral and religious inferences do credit to his character; but we cannot say that we are converts to his philosophy.

A few Words on the Sin of Lying. Pp. 29. London, 1833. J. W. Parker.

AN admirable little book to deter from the meanest and perhaps the most mischievous of all the vices. A liar is dangerous in proportion to his cowardice; and the character provokes at once the detestation of the deceiver, and the contempt of the coward.

East India Sketch-Book; or Life in India. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Bentley.

A CONTINUATION, or rather completion of the book published last year, in which real circumstances and sketches of Indian events and manners are quietly set forth. The best story for the general reader is the "*Unjust Punishment*;" but we daresay the *Qui-Hi's* may like them all, simple and unambitious as they are.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Read a portion of a paper on the degree of selection exercised by plants with regard to the earthy constituents presented to their absorbing surfaces, by Dr. Daubeny. This paper, being only partly read, we reserve analysis till its conclusion. Specimens of a species of the cochineal insect from New Holland, yielding colouring matter nearly equal to the official kind, were presented by Lieutenant Breton, R.N. Living specimens of *Veronica Buxbaumii*, a species lately added to the British Flora, from a field between Hayes and Bromley Common, Kent, were presented by Mr. Peete, F.L.S.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MR. GREENOUGH, president, in the chair.—Fellows elected. The communication read at this meeting gave a description of the geological structure of the north coast of the river and gulf of St. Lawrence, from the mouth of the Saguenay, (long. 69° 16' W. to Cape Whittle, long. 60° W.) and on the proofs of change in the relative position of land and water, by Captain Bayfield, R.N., and communicated by Mr. Greenough.

NUMERICAL STRENGTH OF SCIENCE IN LONDON.

A BOOK was published last year, called "*Science without a Head*." If Science have no head, the following memorandum will shew that it hath many members.

The Royal Society numbers.....	750 Fellows.
— Antiquarian	300
— Royal Institution.....	738
— Royal Geographical	520
— Geological	700
— Linnæan	600
— Horticultural	1875
— Zoological	2445
— Astronomical	320
— Society of Arts	1000
— Royal Society of Literature..	271
— Royal Asiatic Society.....	560
	10,600

Independently of these, there are the College of Physicians; ditto of Surgeons; the London Medical Society; the Westminster ditto; the

Medico-Chirurgical and Medico-Botanical Societies; the Phenological Society; the Entomological Society, instituted last month; and the Institution of Civil Engineers, mustering about 1700 members more. There must also be taken into the account the Russell Institution; the Western Literary and Scientific ditto; the St. Marylebone ditto; the City of London ditto; and, we believe, the Southwark ditto, mustering about 1500; and though last not least in our estimation, that praiseworthy and well-doing establishment, the Mechanics' Institute, which numbers 1000: making a grand total of 14,600 members.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Wednesday the Council selected from the papers read to the society, a sufficient number to complete the Second volume of its Transactions, by the publication of the second and concluding Part.

At the general meeting, Mr. Hamilton read an interesting communication from Mr. Arundel, the author of the *Account of the Seven early Christian Churches*, who has recently made another tour in Asia Minor, and been gratified by many discoveries of an important character. As chaplain at Smyrna for nine or ten years, Mr. Arundel has enjoyed many opportunities of obtaining the best information from merchants, travellers, and natives; and was thus enabled to direct his course at once towards objects of antiquarian and geographical curiosity. Penetrating Anatolia, with a companion, he fixed the site of Apamea; and thence proceeding to Apollonia, found there a colony of Greek Christians, shut in from ancient times from all intercourse with their brethren in other parts of the world. From Apollonia, the distance to Antioch is forty-five miles; and the relics are noble ruins, covering an immense space with architectural remains (especially of an aqueduct) of the most superb description. Mr. A. also visited Colossi, and in six weeks travelled a thousand miles. The reading of a paper by the celebrated M. Schlegel, on the origin of the Hindus, was begun.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LUBBOCK, V.P., in the chair. First meeting of the session. A great number of presents, chiefly transactions of scientific institutions, foreign and domestic, were announced. A brief account of the mass of meteoric iron in the British Museum was read. Most of our readers, no doubt, have seen this mass, on the principal staircase of the British Museum. It was presented by Mr. Woodbine Parish, his Majesty's chargé d'affaires at Buenos Ayres, and was found at a place called Otumka. Portions of the same, or of similar specimens, were smelted, and a pair of pistols manufactured from the iron thereof had been presented to the president of the United States. A paper, entitled *Observations on Nebule and Clusters of Stars*, made at Slough since 1825, by Sir J. Herschel, was likewise read. The author notices the great source of error occasioned by the large and undefined surface of nebule. These observations embrace 2,500 nebule and stars, 2,000 of which are to be found in the catalogue of the author's father; the remaining 500 are new. He expresses his belief, that observations of nebule may now be considered as complete—at least, with the present instruments. Auditors were elected, and the names of the council and officers for the ensuing year were put in nomination: H. R. H.

the Duke of Sussex president, and so on nearly as heretofore. At the close of the meeting, the fellows and visitors adjourned to the library, which has been arranged with much taste, and by dint of great perseverance.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THURSDAY.—This Society mustered strongly to commence its session, although none of the four vice-presidents were in their places; and Mr. Amyott took the chair. A very large number of presents was announced. Sir Francis Freeling exhibited a matrix seal of the Abbot of Langley, supposed to be Langley in Norfolk. Mr. Doubleday exhibited an ancient sword of bronze, two feet six inches long, in fine and perfect preservation, found in a field near Battle Abbey; also a further collection of casts from ancient seals, discovered by him at the Hotel Soubise, Paris, including a very curious and interesting one of William the Conqueror, and the splendid seal of gold of Henry VIII. attached to his treaty with the King of France. Mr. Mudge commenced a description of an ancient house discovered in Drum Kelin Bog, in the parish of Inver, county Donegal. It was formed of rough oak logs and planks, the mortices being apparently more bruised than cut, as if with a stone chisel; and an instrument of that description was in fact found in the house. Any conjecture at the age of this building must be extremely difficult, if not impossible. It appeared to have been overwhelmed by some sudden calamity; and probably the bog turf had grown considerably over it, the top of the roof being about sixteen feet below the level of the surface.

MEMNON'S STATUE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Perceiving in your *Gazette*, No. 877, p. 713, an account of Mr. Wilkinson's having ascended the celebrated statue of Memnon, and discovered a concealed niche, in which a man was placed with an iron rod to strike a sonorous stone at the rising of the sun, permit me to send you a passage from Bucke's work on the "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature;" where you will see, that the probable existence of such a fact is more than hinted at:—

"In supposing that the head of Memnon elicited sounds, because strings have been placed in the throat of the image, an objection might be raised, that, if such were the cause, the image would send forth sounds at other times, as well as in the morning. Authorities are not wanting to prove that it did so. But if the wind were not permitted to perform this office, the hand of a priest, who might regularly conceal himself for that purpose in the statue, most assuredly might; and this is, doubtless, the more likely of the two; for Pausanias says, that the sound was similar to that of a bow-string, breaking with too much tension. It is no argument to say, that it is not probable that such an artifice should be practised from the time of Strabo to that of Philostratus (200 years); since the hereditary practices of priests have descended, particularly in Tartary, China, and Japan, for thousands of years. It is probable, then, that the sounds proceeded from gently knocking a stone, enclosed at the base, or in the noxos of the statue: some stones naturally emitting sound, upon being struck by any other body. In the body of Alcaethos was a stone that elicited sound, upon being struck ever so lightly. Grosier relates, that some streams abound in stones which sound on being touched. Pausanias also relates, that he

saw at Megara a stone, which, when struck, produced a note like the vibration of the string of an instrument; and, in one of the pyramids, there is still a sarcophagus, resembling an altar, which emits a peculiar sound when struck with any hard substance. I have myself seen an instance of this kind near the chapel of St. Gowen, situated in an amphitheatre of rocks on the coast of Pembrokeshire. This idea is rendered more probable by an assertion of Strabo, assuring us, that the sound issued from the pedestal; and that it resembled that produced by striking something on a hard body. From these accounts, it would appear that the actors in this pontifical drama did not always strike with the same force, nor with the same material."—Vol. iv. pp. 196-7-8.

Your insertion of the above in your truly valuable journal will, I have no doubt, be agreeable to many of your readers; particularly to your obedient servant,

ALPHA.

THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE MR. HEBER.

WE promised at the conclusion of the sketch of Mr. Heber which appeared in a former number of our journal, to give some account of the nature of his almost prodigious library. In fulfilling this pledge to our readers, it is necessary to premise, that as no catalogue of the library is before us, our knowledge of it is founded on that of Mr. Heber's known taste and pursuits, and on observing the course of his purchases for several years past. The same reason will obviously prevent our being able to particularise any of the admirable volumes contained in the list.

Mr. Heber's collections were begun during his residence at college, and were confined at that time to such books as were connected with his studies, and his limited means as a student would allow of his purchasing. His excursive mind did not, however, rest satisfied with the mere course of reading which is required from a gentleman studying for the purpose of passing examination for his degrees; besides such books as a college tutor would point out to his pupils, he extended his views to the formation of a complete library of the Greek and Roman classic authors; and when an increase of income admitted of indulging his passion for collecting, he added to these the rare and curious editions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which, under the designation of *editiones principes*, have ever been considered as the greatest ornaments of the most splendid libraries. They were printed, most of them, from valuable manuscripts, few of which are now in existence, edited by men who were the revivers of elegant learning in Europe, and exhibit, in the beautiful texture and durability of the paper, glossy brilliancy of the ink, and splendour of typographical execution, joined to their rarity, every extrinsic and adventitious circumstance which contribute to make books valuable in the eyes of the scholar and amateur, and which, so long as learning and taste have any estimation with mankind, must continue to keep them objects of a praiseworthy ambition to possess. Of these, Mr. Heber, some years since, presented a number to the Bodleian Library.

To this class Mr. Heber added the various critical works which have been published in illustration of the classics, extending it to the later Greek and Latin authors, and to every branch of what is termed philological literature. Of dictionaries and works on language his collection is in the highest degree important and valuable; every work on the

Greek, Latin, Gothic, Celtic, and Slavonian languages, as well as the various modern languages derived from them, and their several dialects, possible to procure, he possessed. Of the Oriental languages he was ignorant, and did not pay so much attention to complete this portion of his treasures, though he possessed most of the large and more standard works. Of the various books on the languages of America, which are of extraordinary rarity, he formed a singular collection. Literary history and bibliography formed also a favourite branch of this class of literature; and in catalogues of celebrated libraries and collections, no one was more rich, or knew so much of their histories.

In the class of theology, Mr. Heber possessed several very scarce editions of the Scriptures in various languages. The works of the Fathers and Schoolmen would, of course, form part of his collection of Greek and Latin authors. Besides these, he possessed a precious collection of books relating to the Reformation generally, and particularly that of this country. Also the works of the best modern authors and ecclesiastical historians.

As regards science, Mr. Heber's collection contains all those writers whose works come within the range of the classics, or of books printed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; within the first of which he purchased every foreign, and, within the second, every English work he could procure. We have noticed his taste for agriculture; one of his favourite authors in this science was the Chief Justice Fitzherbert, whose works on Husbandry and Surveying he prided himself on possessing in the first exceedingly rare editions printed by Pynson. Another favourite was old Tusser, whose amusing *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* he possessed in every edition he could procure.

To the best historians of every country Mr. Heber added many of the more rare and curious works that are most in esteem in the several countries to which they relate. In the history of the British Islands his collection is most extensive and important; and every work relating to the statistics of the empire, its navy, colonies, shipping, commerce, and coinage, he was most anxious to secure. Voyages and travels, as a branch of history, also engaged his attention; of these his library contains a singular and large collection.

The origin of romantic literature, an amusing problem, the discussion of which has engaged the pens of so many elegant authors of the last and present centuries, could not fail of attracting the regards of so excursive and inquiring a mind as that of Mr. Heber. This led him to form his very unique collection of romances, from those which relate "the tale of Troy divine,"

"And what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and armoric knights;
And all who since, baptis'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramount or Montauban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Treblond,
Or whom Biseria sent from Africk shore,
When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell
By Fontarabie—"

to the later Amadis, Esplandian, Tirante, which Cervantes has so highly praised, and which Mr. Heber could boast the possession of, in the extremely rare edition printed in the Limosin language at Barcelona in 1494; and Palmerins, with all their numerous progenies, in the shapes of continuations and imitations. Milton has recorded, in other passages of his works beside the above, his having revelled in this species of composition; indeed we know

that he at one time meditated a poem on the story of Arthur; and their fascinating effects on persons of an imaginative mind is a subject of every-day observation. Cervantes has made his imaginary hero sell his acres to purchase books of knight-errantry; but never, even in fable, did any one surpass Mr. Heber in the ardour of this pursuit. "It is but another rick or two," was his expression, when competing for a favourite volume. The rarity of works in this class is well known to collectors; and perhaps no person before has amassed so extensive a series of them. In the Spanish romances he might challenge the united libraries of all Spain to vie with him. The Italian, Portuguese, French, German, and English, were sought out with the same avidity; and it was his belief that his collection of romance poetry was the richest in Europe.

Early poetry was no less an object of Mr. Heber's pursuit; and of this his collection was remarkable and extensive. In English poetry, particularly, he never let a curious volume escape him, and has amassed a collection unrivalled in extent and curiosity, which, if once dispersed, can never be got together again. Many years ago, when articles of this nature sold at the highest, he estimated the value of this portion of his library at twenty thousand pounds. Since that time, he has probably doubled it in extent; but, from the change of taste, and fall in the prices of books, it would not, even with the increase in bulk, produce more than a fifth part of that amount. Dramatic poetry particularly engaged his attention; and the early editions of the great master-spirits of the golden age of the English drama he spared no cost to obtain.

Of the fugitive species of literature, the tracts and pamphlets of the day, the ephemeral nature of whose subjects necessarily render them of rare occurrence, and which, before the establishment of newspapers, were the only records of the opinions and minor events of their times,—Mr. Heber possessed a vast store; many thousands of which he has catalogued with his own hand, copying the whole of their titles with the minutest accuracy, and giving a collation of each.

In forming his collection, Mr. Heber laid down one rule, from which he never deviated except in very extraordinary cases: this was, never to purchase books printed on large paper. By foregoing this luxury, he was enabled to gratify a taste of a much higher order—the securing such copies of works as contained the author's manuscript additions and emendations, or the autographs and notes of celebrated persons. Many a gem of this kind will be found in his library, endeared to our taste and feelings from the associations they recall of those to whom they once belonged. Far be it from us to conceal, that our delight in reading the works of those whose writings charmed the ages before us, and will continue to charm ages to come, is heightened in reading them in the same pages which were read by our forefathers; and this delight is increased when chance has thrown it in our way to read from the same copy which we know to have gratified "men famous in their generations," whose names are hallowed to us by their talents and virtues. Among other similar treasures, Mr. Heber used to pride himself on the possession of one of the Greek poets which belonged to Milton.

In purchasing, Mr. Heber was liberal, and well understood the maxim of Selden, to secure the first offer of whatever curious articles offered through the booksellers, by giving the prices asked. "Taking discount will do once, but it

will not do a second time," was his observation. It was his custom to mark in each book the time and place of purchase, and the price paid; where he has purchased collections *en masse*, this must have been a work of great labour. In the loan of his books he was exceedingly liberal, never refusing any applicant; and in many instances he was a severe sufferer through his liberality.

Besides his printed books, Mr. Heber possessed some curious manuscripts and autograph letters; also a collection of prints by Marc Antonio, and some fine specimens from the burin of Faithorne; a large collection of early Italian medals; and some fine specimens of Greek and Roman coins.

Such is the outline of this truly astonishing collection. Of its extent and value, some idea may be formed from the circumstance of its having been ascertained that it cost Mr. H. about 150,000*l*. The books are at present dispersed in various places; and the assembling them together, and preparing a catalogue, will be a work of immense labour. The disposition of the library is as yet unknown. From the systematic manner in which Mr. Heber formed his collections, his great love for his books, and his expressions, that he "considered it a duty to complete the curious part of his library," those who knew him best, consider that he contemplated keeping it entire; but as no will has yet been discovered, it is doubtful whether it will not come forward for public sale. In anticipation of this event, the family have engaged the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Dibdin, and Mr. Lowndes, the able author of the "Bibliographer's Manual."

In the event of the collection being left for sale, it is greatly to be wished that a strenuous effort may be made to secure it to the country. In the present state of public affairs, it is not to be expected that the government will advance the funds for the purchase; but from its known liberality, and the love of science and literature which distinguishes many of its members, it is to be expected, that it would aid so far as to remit the legacy-duty, as also the import-duty on that part of the library which is abroad, provided the purchase-money can be raised. From the lively and intense feeling that exists to keep the library entire, there can be little doubt that most of the purchase-money can be realised by public subscription, and the sale of the duplicates will contribute a great part of the sum.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nineteen Illustrations to Heath's Book of Beauty for 1834. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THIS Book of Beauty is indeed a beautiful book. It consists of contributions from the pencils of seven distinguished artists; but we are so perplexed with the dazzling variety of the charms of those contributions, that we scarcely know where to begin our notice of them. *Place aux dames!*

"Flora." Painted by Miss Sharpe; engraved by H. T. Ryall. A lovely brunette. The action is delicate and lady-like.—"Chyllena," and "Margaret Carnegie." Painted by Miss L. Sharpe; engraved by H. Robinson. A fine contrast between a patrician beauty of the present day and one of the last century.—"Lucy," "Bianca Vanezzi," "Matilda," "Catherine Seymour," and "Alice." Painted by F. Stone; engraved by H. Robinson, R. Cook, J. Thomson, and W. H. Egleton. There are few living artists who possess so much taste and feeling as Mr. Stone. Of this cluster of

charmers, Bianca Vanezzi and Alice are our favourites; but they are all bewitching.—"The Lady Clementina Augusta Wellington Villiers," "Rebecca," "Phoebe," and "Isidora." Painted by A. E. Chalon; engraved by R. T. Ryall and H. Robinson. With the exception of the feet, which are rather too much à la Chinoise, the first-mentioned is a delightful little figure. Phoebe is a sly-looking gipsy; Rebecca and Isidora dames apparently "of high degree," but of somewhat low stature.—"Louisa" and "Francesca." Painted by W. Boxall; engraved by H. Cook and W. H. Mote. "What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?" might be inquired of either of these lovely creatures. The grace of Louisa, in particular, and the management of the drapery and general effect, are admirable.—"Amy," Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; engraved by H. T. Ryall. Pensive and pretty.—"The Countess of Blessington," "Rosalie," and "Mary Lester." Painted by E. T. Parris; engraved by J. Thomson, H. Robinson, and H. T. Ryall. The splendid beauty of the fair countess is seen to great advantage on this elegant half-length; Rosalie and Isidora are two fascinating girls; and the accessories are introduced with Mr. Parris's usual skill.

We must not omit to observe that the plates are all engraved in the most masterly and highly-finished manner.

Byron's Dream. Painted by C. L. Eastlake, R.A.; engraved by J. T. Willmore. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

As our columns have frequently proved, there can be no greater admirers than we are of the beautiful engravings in miniature, which the passion that has of late years existed for Annuals, and other publications of a similar nature, has called forth. But while we have been astonished at their exquisite execution, and sensible of their manifold charms, we have been quite aware that it is not on such works that a country can venture to rest its claims to distinction in the fine arts. It is always, therefore, with much satisfaction, that we hail the appearance of a noble print like that before us; and our only regret is, that we are so seldom thus gratified.

The subject is the following passage in Lord Byron's well-known poem of "The Dream":—

"He lay
Reposing from the noon-tide saltriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had surviv'd the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goody steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around."

"Mr. Eastlake," it appears, "in adopting this subject for his picture, has not only taken the beautiful description of Greek scenery given by Lord Byron, but this is most probably the actual scene which his lordship recalled to his memory with so much pleasure; for the view lies on the Gulf of Corinth, which his lordship traversed several times. It looks towards Parnassus and Helicon. The temple is the only object transferred from another spot, and introduced into this composition; but the whole is so beautiful, that it is scarcely necessary to attempt to aid its interest by stating that the scene is actual, and that it was often visited by Lord Byron."

Of the great and increasing powers of Mr. Eastlake, as a painter of taste and feeling, we have repeatedly spoken. He has shewn those qualities in a high degree in this performance; especially in the landscape portion of it, than which it is difficult to conceive any thing more

classical and rich. Mr. Willmore has done great justice to his original; a masterly handling, and discrimination of line, has rendered him equally happy in the aerial tenderness and flatness of his distances, and in the sparkling freshness and vigour of his foreground.

The figure of Lord Byron is from the last portrait of him painted in Greece. It is no doubt very like, and is in an attitude of perfect repose: but, (and it is the only blemish which we can detect in this fine work,) we confess that it seems to us to be too small, and not to be made of sufficient importance.

Principles of Effect and Colour, as applicable to Landscape Painting; illustrated by Examples for the Amateur and Professional Student in Art. By G. Phillips, Member of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters. Harding.

THE able drawings of Mr. Phillips have frequently been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. He states that "it is not his intention in the present work to introduce new principles, but rather to simplify those which have been acted on by the best masters to insure a certain result, and without a knowledge of which, a life may be spent in the pursuit of art, with comparatively little advantage." The plates, eight in number (besides diagrams), are spiritedly and beautifully engraved in aquatinta, and most of them are coloured. They represent scenery, seen under various circumstances of light, and at different periods of the day; and are accompanied by simple and distinct explanations of the principles on which they have been executed. It is a publication which the young artist may consult with great pleasure and benefit.

The Widow. Painted by C. Hancock; engraved by H. Beckwith. Harding and King.

WE recollect having mentioned this pathetic subject when it was exhibited at the Gallery of the British Institution; but we do not recollect whether or not we observed, that the manner in which it is treated reminds us of Wright of Derby's celebrated "Dead Soldier." The sympathy of the poor dogs with their mistress, the violence of whose grief the artist has very judiciously concealed, is expressed with great truth and feeling. The composition, both of form and of effect, is also entitled to high praise.

The Braggart. Engraved by R. Parr, from a picture by Edwin Landseer, R.A. Harding and King.

"WHY, they are like three men!" was the exclamation just now of a little girl of eight years old, who saw this clever print lying on our table. A higher testimony could not be borne to the success with which Mr. Landseer communicates intelligence to subjects, the animal characteristics of which he at the same time depicts with such extraordinary fidelity and spirit. Mr. Parr has executed his task with great ability.

Grantham Church, Lincolnshire; from the South-west. Drawn by J. Simpson, jun.; engraved by J. Le Keux. Grantham, Ridge. A BEAUTIFUL representation of this elegant structure.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

THE long-projected voyage of Sir John Herschel to the southern hemisphere is at length proceeded in. A ship, which has recently sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, with General Sir

Benjamin D'Urban, the new governor of that colony, on board, carries at the same time another illustrious freight, in the person of our distinguished astronomer.

There is, as it seems to us, in this expedition of Sir John Herschel, a character of novelty and grandeur well fitted to excite the attention, and to command the gratitude and reverence of his countrymen. There is something in it, likewise, which strangely affects the imagination; and, in the language of Hamlet, "gives us pause." It is about the first time, we think, that a philosopher of the highest name in science has quitted its seats in Europe for a remote shore, with the professed, if not the exclusive purpose of extending the limits of our knowledge, not, as heretofore, on the surface of our planet itself, but in those mysterious regions that lie beyond and around it—of attempting the discovery, not of new lands in unknown and unfrequented seas, but of worlds and systems yet unobserved in those fields of space, which are invisible from the countries of the north; and which, consequently, the telescope of science has either rarely, or not at all explored. In scientific missions those researches, indeed, have been connected with others; but have scarcely, we think, been pursued hitherto as an independent or principal object. Europe has been accustomed to send forth men of enterprise and intelligence to navigate and circumnavigate our earth; to survey lands already known, or to discover new; to measure a meridian at the line; to penetrate and ransack the poles. The labours of those admirable persons have not been unavailing; and they have successively returned to us fraught with the most important advices, and with vast and diversified additions to our knowledge. It would now appear that, being in some degree satisfied, as it were, with what we have done in this kind, but not yet prepared to renounce the distant search after truth, we turn to other and remoter objects of investigation. We propose to ourselves discoveries more arduous still, and comparatively unthought of before; and an observer proceeds from amongst us to the further side of our globe, thence to look out into the southern firmament, and to bring back to us intelligence of the wonders of those other heavens, of which the very existence remained unsuspected during the lapse of so many ages; and the constellations of which, though appearing with an evidence and splendour at least equal to those of our own north, were regarded only during that long period by the benighted eye of the savage, or shone in their vast solitude, altogether unheeded from this world, over uninhabited lands and an unfrequented ocean.

This surely is a high mission; and if it may be so deemed even in relation to other enterprises of science, it is undoubtedly, when viewed more extensively and with reference to the general pursuits of society, to be considered as one of the most important and honourable ever undertaken into a dependency of this empire. Worthy successor of De la Condamine and Humboldt, Sir John Herschel consents for a time to self-expatriation—consents to quit his Europe home; to abdicate, so to speak, for a season his fame and consideration there—to encounter the chances of the sea, and the certain inconvenience and anxieties of exile; and this, not that he may return with fortune, or gain the distinction of preferment, or for any other object of political or vulgar ambition, but with the high purpose of discovery in the sublime science of Newton and Laplace—of reporting, for the information of future times, further

evidence on the condition of our universe—of penetrating still further, if we may venture to say so, into the secrets of the Divinity, and by increasing the sum of human acquirements, of adding something to the permanent dignity of his race. It is a mighty triumph of civilisation, and of blessed and omnipotent peace—peace which is thus not all inglorious even in the vulgar meaning of the term, but which effects also its silent and durable achievements, not without personal dangers incurred, and physical difficulties overcome.

To the learned in all countries the voyage of our astronomer may be regarded as an event of unusual interest; but on more general grounds, it ought scarcely to be less so to every lover of his kind. To the sincere and enlightened philanthropist it may afford matter for proud and consoling reflection, to consider this philosopher—this emissary from European civilisation, tranquilly seated in Africa, at the further extremity of that barbarous and inhospitable continent; and nightly—in what was formerly a howling desert, only tenanted by the tiger and the hyena, or by the wandering savage, scarcely more humanised—pursuing undisturbed his high investigations. It is at some distance from Cape Town, and in the centre of an extensive plain, that is situated the fine observatory of the Cape. Thither we cannot help following in imagination our distinguished countryman, and endeavouring to conceive the enthusiasm with which he will there first, with the aid of his powerful telescopes, range over the southern sky, so singular in its general aspect, and so interesting even to the unlearned observer. The great constellation of the Ship—the Cross of the South—the Clouds of Magellan—the frequent spaces of total blackness—all those remarkable features of that firmament, with which he has been hitherto acquainted from description only, will be successively surveyed and examined by him with that pure and elevated sentiment of intellectual delight, which a man of science and imagination only can know.

It is said, we know not with what truth, that, before returning to Europe, Sir John Herschel will also visit the neighbouring island of Mauritius. We trust that long before he does so, the political storm which still agitates that little colony will have settled into peace. But, however this may be, he may rest assured of meeting there, not less than at the Cape, with a most honourable and attentive reception from men of all parties; nor do we know any country where the deference and consideration due to high talents and attainments will be more willingly conceded to him. He will find there such facilities for observation as a small observatory, recently established, but already well and carefully appointed, is fitted to afford; and the presence of an ingenious and acute observer to aid him in his researches.

DRAMA.

AT the twin big houses there has been little new or amusing but the bills, as usual. On Tuesday, Drury Lane was closed in order to prepare for *Antony and Cleopatra* on Wednesday; but when Wednesday came, there was only the *Road to Ruin*, and not the *World well Lost*. The bills kindly notified that "the places taken for *William Tell* (on Tuesday) would be admitted on Thursday;" but we dare say the places won't go. How should they, when it is announced that "the free list will be suspended, and not an order will be issued," which, in truth, means that hundreds of orders enter every night, and the civil people who do

the managers the honour to accept of being put on the free list, are warned to stay away when the said managers fancy they produce any thing worth seeing. The free list is simply to keep the house warm on empty and cold nights; and a very pretty occupation for idle folks. Having damaged Miss Atkinson as much as possible by extravagant puffing, it seems to have been resolved to extinguish her hopes entirely; and she has been put as *Mandane* in *Artaxerxes* as an afterpiece, performed not only after a full play, but an interlude also, to throw her into the latest hour with a tired audience. Well might she say, Save me from my friends: but we trust her merits will yet be duly appreciated, in spite of all these untoward circumstances.

On Thursday, *Antony and Cleopatra* was at length performed, with Macready and Miss Phillips in the principal characters. We observe it stated in the newspapers that some good scenery, &c. was produced; but the play, no matter how adorned, was never very popular; and to those who remember its last revival at Covent Garden, the present imitation must look poor and ineffective.

THE HAYMARKET

Closed on Saturday, having during the last few weeks been eminently deserving of public favour. Farren has even added to his high reputation by his performances here this season, and Mrs. Glover has not diminished hers, although she did enact *Falstaff* for the benefit of her purse, rather than the increase of her fame. Webster, and Strickland, and Buckstone, have also fully sustained their share in the comic contributions; while the operas have been, taken all in all, very fairly cast. We think we have omitted a notice due to Mr. Edwin as an exceedingly sweet singer. The tragedies we have not so much liked; but we trust that the exertions of the management have been duly appreciated and rewarded. This theatre has been a public favourite for many years, and seems only to require good guidance long to continue so. Dramas of talent and sterling performers, where they can be seen and enjoyed, will be sure to cause the little Haymarket to prosper.

ADELPHI.

The Butterfly Ball, a gay and gossamer thing, with some pretty music, scenery, and dresses, has been produced here from the pen of Capt. Addison. It is fanciful and pleasant, and bids fair to last through more than an ephemeral period, as one of the nightly varieties at this successful theatre, which is always so crowded that a goat could hardly get in to have a peep at its entomological comrades on the stage. Mrs. Waylett, as the *Butterfly Beau*, in a very becoming dress, displays a pair of limbs which would disarm any naturalist (or newspaper critic), who thought of plunning her on paper; and then she sings so sweetly, that if we could spear the fly, we would spare the nightingale. Reeve was the *Jealous Moth* the first two or three nights, and was (after the first) grotesque and entertaining; but since then he has been grubbed out of the part, which is now cleverly sustained by Mr. Saunders, who becomes a cabbage as well as any other man. Miss Daly, as *Queen Rose*, looks charmingly; and Mrs. Honey also figures prettily as the *Queen Bee*. The little *Rose* dances almost as well as Heberle or Taglioni: she is an extraordinarily clever child, and in the skipping-rope exhibition with Miss Griffiths and Miss Lane, makes a

trio of much gracefulness and agility. The flying messenger, the ant, black beetle, and other specimens of natural history, are all entertaining in their way; and the whole is a light and agreeable scene, to divert us from the affecting sorrows of *Grace Hurtle*, so powerfully traced by Mrs. Yates, and so ably supported by the guilty doings of her husband, and the callous ruffianism of O. Smith.

OLYMPIC.

Mr. CHARLES DANCE, whom we may truly designate as the invariably successful dramatist, has given us another clever domestic piece here, under the title of the *Beulah Spa*. It is of the same genus as his popular *Water-Party*. Vestris (*Caroline Grantley*) plots her diffident lover, Vining, into a declaration of his passion, by assuming the disguise of the noted minstrel, who has transplanted himself from Richmond to Beulah, and of a gypsy fortune-teller. She has two ballads, which she sings with great éclat. A fond mamma, Mrs. Tayleure, with two overgrown boys, Keeley and Collier, balanced against Misses Ferguson and Pincott, and a fat waiter, Salter, contribute largely to the fun of the Spa, though they have no very strict connexion with the main incident. Altogether the burletta is completely and deservedly a favourite.

THE VICTORIA

HAS made a great musical acquisition during the week of Miss Romer; and *Gustavus* continues to please the natives, with the interest well kept up by Abbott as the *King*, Mrs. Egerton the *Sorceress*, and Miss Mason as *Countess Ankerstroem*. The latter is a very pleasing actress. A comic interlude, called *Captain Stevens*, has also been brought over to this theatre, where it amuses as heretofore and elsewhere.

VARIETIES.

The Age of Sentiment and Sensibility.—We do not know when we have met with more startling proof of our age being very tender-hearted than in the pathetic paragraphs which adorn the memory of the late gaoler of Newgate in the newspapers. This minister of the law, it is recorded, never witnessed an execution in his life, always turning his back as the criminals were turned off, and only requesting when they were down to let him know, as it must then be all over. We are surely an odd people for odd anecdotes!

Capt. Ross.—We have the best authority for stating that it is untrue Capt. Ross is to receive 8000*l.* from the government. The intrepid sailor will receive full pay since the period of his departure from England, with which, we may be permitted to add, he is satisfied.

Gold Mines in Malabar.—We observe from a letter in a late Number of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, that the gold mines in Malabar, neglected since the time of Governor Duncan of Bombay, in 1793, have again attracted the notice of our Indian government. The Ghauts appear to be enriched with the metal; and the freshes bring down large and pure deposits by all the principal rivers in Calicut. We presume that the treasures here reported to exist in such abundance will now be looked after with more diligence.

Travelling.—We have of late had occasion to comment on the difference of travelling in England and France, as mentioned by several writers; but if ever there were a question of superiority, we fancy it would be determined by the new performance of Mr. Sherman. This

spirited coach-owner, of the Bull and Mouth, has, during the last fortnight, run a coach to and from Manchester daily in eighteen hours! the distance 182 miles; and yet the journey is accomplished in the most pleasant and regular manner, as if no effort were necessary, and the whole were clock-work. The appointments and horsing are superb; there is no galloping, no hurrying; but by quick changing, and very brief delays for slight refreshments, this extraordinary task is performed as if it were a mere common thing of course. What would our great-grandfathers say to it? they would think steam and railroads unnecessary, and never make their wills when starting on so long and tedious a voyage.

Legal Spelling or Pronunciation.—Whereas, observes some writer,* is a most formidable word at the beginning of a paper addressed to us; but another critic of legalities has discovered that the well-known names of John Doe and Richard Roe are corruptions: he says, looking at all the evils that happen in consequence of using them and going to law, they must be read *John Do* and *Richard Rue*!

The Sciagraphicon.—Among the ingenious and pleasing experiments which spring up, blending science and instruction with other gratifications, we have been much interested by a very clever and well-executed representation under the above name. It is the work of Mr. Alfred Essex, whose talents are already known to our readers; and consists of a drawing of a castle, in such line of perspective, that, when viewed from a certain point, it seems to be a solid body. We have seen things of the same kind before, but do not remember any so perfect as this, or where the illusion of the sense is so complete. As an illustration of a striking branch of art, the sciagraphicon is also as curious as the miraculous Entombment.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday week, being the first which has been held in the Society's new house. The President of the Society (the Vice-Chancellor) was in the chair. Various presents of books, objects of natural history, &c. were notified to the Society, from Colonel Sykes, Mr. Jenyns, Mr. Fletcher, and others. Mr. Murphy read a second memoir on the Properties of Inverse Functions; after which, Professor Airy gave an account of observations made at various places (Armagh, Gainsborough, York, Dent, Manchester, Cambridge) of the Aurora Boreales which were seen on Sept. 17, and Oct. 12, last: explaining the mode of combining these observations so as to infer from them the place of the luminous matter. It appeared from his calculations, that the latter Aurora was at a height of fifty or sixty miles above the earth's surface. Verbal communications on the same subject were made by several other members of the Society.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Gigantic Cavern.—Colonel Montetith, E.I.C., in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, makes mention of a cavern situate at Makoo, a place lying between Eriwan and Tabreez. The whole party were struck with amazement, and instinctively halted, not being able to trust their eyes as to the reality of the scene before them. A vast arch, 600 feet high, 1200 feet in span, and 200 feet thick at the top, at once presented itself to their view. The cavern is 800 feet deep, and at the bottom is a castle inhabited by a chief of the tribe of Biaut; and at the junction of the limestone and lava

* Mr. Atkinson, of Glasgow, the author of the *Chamæleon*, the third volume of which miscellany has just issued from the Scottish press.

a number of small caves have been partially excavated, accessible only by a ladder. From one of these a small stream of water trickles down the rock; but the artificial works look, in the vast space of this natural excavation, like ants' nests on a wall. Some great convulsion of nature could alone have produced such a cave. From the breadth of the sheets of lava, Col. M. does not think they came from any volcano, but were formed by the sudden rise of a great extent of country. There is an inscription on the western side of the fortress, which, from the ground, he could only decide was neither Arabic nor Armenian. It had some resemblance to Greek or Roman characters. The chief was jealous of a close inspection; and though a ladder was promised, it never came.—*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.*

Raphael's Bones.—A strong corroboration of the genuineness of the skeleton which has lately been found in the church of the Pantheon at Rome, appears in the fact, that close to the spot was discovered the following epitaph on Cardinal Bibiena's niece, who was Raphael's affianced bride, and who desired to be buried near him:

MARIAN. ANTONI. F. BIBIENAE. SPOUSAE. RIVIS
QVAV. LARON. HEMENABOS. MORTIS. FRANKENT
ST. ANTE. NYPTALIS. PACIS. VIRGO. ET. BEATA
MATHIAS. THERISTY. PICTOR. LMOI. S. DATAB
ET. IOANNES. BAPTISTA. BRANCONIUS. AVILA. A. S. CIVIS
R. M. EE. TESTAMENTO. POSVERUNT
GVANTIS. HIERONIMO. VALENTINO. VERIDICATI
RAYMARI. PROPTINQV
QVI. DOTEM. GVQVQV. RVIVS. SACELLI
SVA. PECTVRIA. AVXIT

It is now ascertained that the scull in the academy of St. Luke, which has always passed for that of Raphael, and which was so considered by Dr. Gall, belonged to a canon of the Pantheon, named Adjutori, who, about thirty years after Raphael's death, founded the fraternity of the Virtuosi di St. Giuseppe di Terra Santa. This fraternity still exists: it is composed of artists and skilful artisans.

Anecdote of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.—Once there happened a sudden rumour among the people, that he should die by a day certain, which fell not indeed, but by mean thereof his cook dressed him that day no dinner, whereof when he missed at his ordinary house, which was always ten of the clock, he reproved him for the same, asking, why he did so. The cook answered, that he and all others look'd for his execution. Well, said he, then take this for a general rule: make ready my dinner always at my due house, and if thou see me dead before, then eat it thyself. If myself be alive, I will never eat one bit the less.—*Harl. MS. 7047.*

Snuffing.—A gentleman, the other day, in a shop at Kensington, on taking a pinch of snuff, politely offered his box to a pretty-looking servant maid, who was also making purchases. "No, thank ye, sir (said the smart *soubrette*): I reckon my nose an ornament to my face, and not a dust-hole."

"There is something in intense passion that communicates itself, as the warmth of the sun colours the cloud, whose frail substance is yet incapable of retaining the light or heat."—*L. E. L.*

School Education.—"The knowledge of the library is not that of the world; a youth of solitude is bad preparation for a manhood of action; from the earliest age we need to mingle with our kind; the child corrects and instructs the child more than their masters; our equals are the tools wherewith experience works out its lessons; and the play-ground, with its rival interests, its injuries, its necessity for the ready wit and the curbed temper, is both

ministry and prophecy of the world, which will but bring back the old struggles, only with a sterner aspect, and the same successes, but with more than half their enjoyment departed."—*Ibid.*

Original Simile.—"I only see a cheek without a tint of the rose in it; but is it an iron soil alone in which that flower refuses to blow?"—*Sheridan Knowles.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

There is preparing for publication, in monthly parts, with Engravings by Landseer, a work entitled the British Cyclopædia of Natural History, including Animals, Plants, and Minerals, the Structure of the Earth, &c.

A new edition of Miller's Dictionary of Gardening, Agriculture, and Planting, &c., brought down to the present state of knowledge, is preparing for publication, in monthly parts.

In the press, by Mr. Montgomery Martin, the first volume (Asia) of a national work on the Colonies of the British Empire.

The Story without an End, translated from the German by Sarah Austin, with Wood Engravings from the designs of Harvey.

Four Remarks upon Mr. Hayward's prose translation of Goethe's Faust, with additional Observations on the difficulty of translating German Works in general, by D. Boileau.

Rookwood, a Romance, in 3 vols.

Bibliographical Catalogue of Works privately printed, including such as have emanated from the Roxburghe, Bannatyne, and Maitland Clubs, and the Private Presses at Strawberry Hill, Auchinleck, &c.; by J. Martin.

The Dark Lady of Doonach, a high romance, by the author of "Wild Sports of the West," &c.

The Baboo, or Life in India, sketching the manners and modes of life among the higher and middle ranks of society in the East.

The second number of Social Evils and their Remedy, the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, under the title of The Lady and the Lady's Maid; also, by the same, The Child of the Church of England.

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Christianity Epitomized, with Antitheses analytical and illustrative of the Papacy, by Robert Bourne, Esq. We are certainly amused by the style of the prospectus, which, notwithstanding its beauties, may be had gratis.

It begins thus:—"Language were at fault in this tentative, transient, and rude touch upon themes; which, as they circle the Christian zodiac, and profess to develop in part the machinery of the Christian system, demand paths and point and the meditative faculty. To over- spread with utterance of adequate import—succinctly to invest these slender essays with the semblance of deliberate conception—the intenness of ripened cogitation; to bring into nearest apposition the native comeliness—the efficacy, the benignity, of human redemption; to divest its bearing of the frigid aspect imputed to its contingencies by the non-participant, pertain rather to desiderata than to attainment in this encliridion. To invest with truth the ingenious adversaries of Christianity and to silence the disingenuous as, *pro tanto*, parental of the present volume," &c. &c. &c.

Deaths of Doings.—Among the memoirs in the forthcoming Annual Biography and Obituary are those of Lord Exmouth; Sir George Dallas, Bart.; Sir John Malcolm; Earl Fitzwilliam; Lord Dover; Sir Henry Blackwood; W. Wilberforce, Esq.; Sir E. G. Colpoys; Capt. Lyon, R.N.; Rajah Rammohun Roy; Admiral Boyd; J. Heriot, Esq. (Comptroller of Chelsea Hospital); Mr. Samuel Drew, &c.

Having had the gratification of meeting the identical Lawrie Todd himself, who is now on a visit to London, we anticipate much amusement from the following announcement by that very original character:—"In the press, illustrated with a portrait of the author, the Life of the original Lawrie Todd, entitled Forty Years' Residence in America, or the Doctrine of a particular Providence exemplified in the Life of Grant Thornburn, Seedman, of New York, written by himself." The author has added the annexed address, which we copy *literatim*:

"To the Public.—As Mr. John Galt in his *Lawrie Todd*, and Sundry other Periodicals, Magazines, Newspapers, &c. in Europe and America have published so many *Scraps and Fragments of my Life*, I think it a duty I

owe the Public and myself to send forth a true Copy.—I think the events of my Life are more Strange in reality, than many which I have read in fiction, and as I owe the giver of all good a Large Debt of Gratitude, I think it my duty to make sure that the world shall know it.—It will be published in a few days," &c.

(Signed) Grant Thornburn, Seedman, New York, "Now at No. 14, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, 16 Novr. 1833."

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Thursday... 14	From 25. to 40	30.11 to 30.09
Friday... 15	29. to 42	30.02 to 29.90
Saturday... 16	31. to 49	29.82 to 29.69
Sunday... 17	40. to 51	30.03 to 30.11
Monday... 18	42. to 54	30.14 to 30.21
Tuesday... 19	45. to 55	30.18 to 30.12
Wednesday 20	34. to 51	30.04 to 30.00

Prevailing wind, S.W. Excepted the 14th, cloudy.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Q's notice from Grantham, however well deserved, is too local for general interest.

F. E. W. seems to have very few ideas.

We can only say of the Simile from the Tank, that in our opinion it is not simple, but the very reverse; far fetched and not very applicable, unless the cook-smoke of London could make it so: then "the Swarth Indian" could be, as indeed it is in any sense, a good reading of the passage.

T. R. too young.

ERRATA.—Page 729, column 3, notice of the Homopathic Doctrine, the title, for "Dr. Struen" read "Dr. Streiten;" and line 32, after the word "inflammation," add "of the stomach."

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